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Nicholas Michell

LONDON: WILLIAM TEGG.

LONDON IN LIGHT AND DARKNESS:

WITH

ALL THE AUTHOR'S MINOR POEMS, NOW FIRST COLLECTED, INCLUDING SEVERAL POEMS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

BY

NICHOLAS MICHELL,

AUTHOR OF

"FAMOUS WOMEN AND HEROES," "THE POETRY OF CREATION," "PLEASURE," "THE IMMORTALS," "RUINS OF MANY LANDS," &c.

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LONDON IN LIGHT AND DARKNESS:

WITH

ALL THE AUTHOR'S MINOR POEMS, NOW FIRST COLLECTED, INCLUDING SEVERAL POEMS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

LONDON,

A GREAT KALEIDOSCOPE OF VARIED LIFE.

LONDON OF TO-DAY.

WHAT is London in our day?
  Monster city spreading still,
Stage where all the passions play,
  Bright with good, and dark with ill;
Mazy streets perplexing, winding,
Alleys, courts, past strangers' finding;
Square on square, and tower on tower,
Speaking wealth, religion, power;
When they seem at length to end,
On, like Alps, they still extend.
City growing, daily growing,
  Thy great mission never done,
Arms around thee wider throwing,
  Carthage, Nineveh, in one!

What is London in our day?
  People-masses, like the waves,
Surge immense, but laws obey,
  Yet, obeying, are not slaves!

Ever through the streets they throng,
Urged by countless aims along;
Good men mourn for others' woe,
Rich men strive more rich to grow,
Needy starveling hoping still,
By good chance, his purse to fill.
Oh, the sight of that vast crowding,
Minds, like bodies, ne'er at rest!
Each his inner being shrouding,
Some most sad, and some most blest.

What is London in our day?
Civilisation's opened flower;
Mighty lens that draws each ray
Of bright science, art, and power;
Queen of commerce, at whose feet
All the Nations bowing meet;
Ships from every clime are riding
In that river, dusky gliding.
Tumult fills the City air,
Smoke a dun pall spreading there.
Chime, ye brooks, blow musky breeze,
In the country all the year!
Pipe, ye birds, 'mid rural trees!
No such happy Eden here.

What is London in our day?
Home of fashion, throne of rank,
Pleasure chasing thought away,
Tripping on life's flowery bank!
Music, theatre, and ball,
To charmed thousands nightly call;

Thousands feast, while, to and fro,
Thousands roam in want and woe.
These press warm and downy beds,
Those on door-steps lay their heads.
Some are clothed in purple sheen,
  Others loathsome rags display;
Oh, the varied, wondrous scene!
  Such the London of our day.

THE ROSE IN THE CITY ALLEY.

WHAT dost thou here,
Bright lover of the sun and sky,
Sweet drinker of the zephyr's sigh,
  Striving thy buds to rear?
The heavens put on a murky cloak,
The air is thick with dust and smoke,
  The winds, that languish near,
Are noisome, stealing thy perfume,
And sicklying all thy native bloom.

What dost thou here?
Thy blushing breast should ope its sweets,
Not to these crowded, dusty streets,
  But where rays brightly shine,
And Morn's rich dews thy lips might steep,
While bees luxurious o'er thee creep,
  And quaff their honey-wine,
And butterflies might flutter round,
By spells of fragrance gently bound.

What dost thou here,
On this old blackened window-sill?
Harsh sounds the squalid alley fill,
Loud oath, and want's sad sigh:
Thy form in some parterre should spring,
Mid fountains softly murmuring,
While glad birds, warbling nigh,
Should, in sweet answer, all day long,
Enchant thee with mellifluous song.

What dost thou here?
Thy beauty, prisoner-rose, is flown;
Thy red leaves soon will strew the stone;
Thus fading fast away,
Pining for Nature's purer scene,
Bright suns, fresh gales, and skies serene
Consumptive Beauty! say,
Thou likenest hearts, fond, gentle, true,
Pining in this great city too.

What dost thou here?
Thou hast a task, kind task, sweet flower!
To gladden eyes each morning hour,
That seldom Nature see;
The cripple, the poor widow, bound
To dusty streets, as days go round,
Refreshed will gaze on thee;
Amidst their toils, their joys, their woes,
They watch thee, love thee, City rose!

Then bless thee here!
Oh, yes, though faded, frail thou art,
Thou callest up to many a heart

Dear country far away;
They water thee with constant care,
And still thy drooping leaves declare
A onging to be gay:
Amidst their toils, their joys, their woes,
They watch thee, love thee, City rose!

LONDON ASLEEP.

SLEEP, mighty city, sleep!
Let the wide hum of busy life,
The shout of mirth, the jar of strife,
And all the noisy passions' play,
In murmurs sink away.

Sleep, weary city, sleep!
Let Commerce rest upon his oar,
Let strong-limbed Labour toil no more,
Peace, stealing from her heavenly bowers,
Cradling the midnight hours.

Rich merchant, on thy bed,
Forget awhile thy ships, thy gain!
Poor starving child of want and pain,
Bask in kind fancy's golden beams,
Possess the world in dreams!

Ye haunts of pleasure, now
Shut up your doors, and, on the stage,
Where actors mirror'd back the age,

And dance and music blent their thrall,
Let stillness, darkness fall!

Scholar, with study worn!
Close now thy book, put out thy light,
Nor longer tire thy brain, thy sight;
Give nature rest, if thou wouldst save
Thy young life from the grave.

Go, drunkard, stagger home,
And gain in sleep lost reason's power;
Virtue, enjoy rest's balmy hour;
Imprison'd wretch, thy sighs give o'er,
Free, free in dreams once more!

Poor needle-toiler, pause!
Stay thy lean fingers, drop thy thread,
Creep, heart-sick, weary, to thy bed,
Let visions of green fields arise,
And charm thine aching eyes!

St. Paul's great clock strikes one;
And as the solemn-booming sound
Lingers, as loth to die around,
It seems a voice that calm imparts
To million anxious hearts.

Then sleep, great city, sleep!
The stars above thee coldly gleam,
And, still as they, thou now dost seem
No more life's monster, but a thing
Hushed 'neath an angel's wing.

EARLY MORNING IN REGENT'S PARK.

The giant city still is in repose,
Sleep laps its feverish joys, its anxious woes,
Labour's great hammer strikes not yet its blows.

The myriad chimneys have not yet begun
Sending forth household smoke to veil the sun,
And skies are blue where all will soon be dun.

Though near the vast metropolis, I seem
In some still country place, and cannot dream
That yonder spreads life's turbid, troubled stream.

Autumn's broad sun shines golden o'er the trees,
The yellowing leaves hang crisply in the breeze,
And o'er the grass low hum the tawny bees.

Warmth to the flowret's cheek the beams are bringing,
The last few butterflies abroad are winging,
Earlier than man awake, the lark is singing.

With paddling feet, and arching neck of snow,
The swan her sail commences, graceful, slow,
The water with her beauty all a-glow.

And little fish are darting, sporting there,
Woo'd upwards by the sun and freshening air,
Life unto them one morn, without a care.

I scent from yon enclosure* rich perfume,
Where foreign flowers of every hue and bloom
Weave robes for peris in bright Nature's loom.

There palms lift high their heads to catch the beam,
And oranges on trees, red blushes, gleam,
Till they who gaze, in Orient countries seem.

Hark! wakened by the early, cheerful ray,
Barr'd in their countless cages far away,†
I hear strange birds—the scream and softened lay.

I hear the eagle's cry, again to soar
To yon bright sun, though doomed to mount no more;
The wolf's low howl—the restless tiger's roar.

Thus drinking morning's breath, and looking through
The quivering boughs on heaven's pure crystal blue,
Gladness and health where'er I turn my view:

I scarce can think that just a mile away
A populous city lies, which soon will sway
With wildering tumult, ushering in the day.

That soon thro' sultry streets will press the throng,
The waggon creak, the horseman dash along,
And lusty life sing loud its deafening song.

* The Botanical Gardens. † The Zoological Gardens.

I seem as much alone on this green sod,
With Nature's soothing spirit and her God,
As if some desert isle, or waste I trod.

Heaven speaks in gentlest whispers from on high,
I see dew-beaded grass, the flowers, the sky,
And from deep Nature's heart there breathes one sigh;

The sigh of half-suppressed, half-thankful bliss,
That she is free the varied earth to kiss,
Blooming near dust-dark cities fair as this.

THE VAGRANT'S CHILD.

Thou little child in rags—
Hanging at thy mother's side,
  Sullen, moping, weeping,
What to thee all London's pride,
  O'er the pavement creeping,
Asking alms of passers-by,
Tears for ever in thine eye?

Thou little child in rags—
Pattering on with naked feet,
  Hungry, wretched, shivering,
Like a blot upon the street,
  Little red lip quivering;
Looking through the shop's great pane,
At delicious food in vain.

Thou little child in rags—
With thy uncut, jetty hair,
To thy shoulders streaming,
With thy forehead bold and fair,
With thy great eyes beaming,
With thy young mind like a star
Hidden by thick clouds afar.

Thou little child in rags—
I do follow thee with sighs,
By thy half-inebriate mother,
Fearing her stern-flashing eyes,
Trying sobs to smother—
Beaten, chid—through good and ill
Clinging to her garments still.

Thou little child in rags—
This is destiny, or fate;
Dark enigma! wondrous heaven!
Wert thou born in other state,
What to thee perchance were given?
Gayest dress, toys, sweetest kisses,
Maids to wait—a world of blisses.

Thou little child in rags—
Yes, thou mightst have been the heir
To some dukedom great and old,
Or one day a crown mightst wear,
And a sceptre hold;
Or a general thou mightst be,
Shouting freedom, victory!

Thou little child in rags—
Fortune might have placed thee near
  Learning's temple, and thy mind
Might be destined, with each year,
  Some immortal truth to find;
Like a Newton, worlds exploring,
Or a Milton, heavenward soaring.

Thou little child in rags—
Now, I fear me, thou wilt grow
  To a lawless, reckless man,
Stealing, working others' woe,
  Punished, ever under ban;
But I pray thou ne'er mayst be
Led unto the gallows-tree.

Thou little child in rags—
Hanging at thy mothers's side,
  Sullen, moping, weeping,
What to thee all London's pride,
  O'er the pavement creeping?
Still in penury thou wilt roam,
Through the world without a home.

A WALK THROUGH WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Hush! for the very air is sacred here,
  Where Death, that ne'er grows old, in grandeur dwells;
Sobered and solemnised our souls appear,
  Yielding to thought's deep spells.

The dust of men renowned in days gone by,
Giants in mind, hath filled this pile with fame,
Till all the pillars, shrines, to fancy's eye
Rise heavenward, clothed with flame.

Ye mighty crowd of kings, of priests, of sages!
Warriors that shook your foemen's hearts with fear;
Ye poets, dulcet-singing through the ages,
How low, how silent here!

The beams fall mellowing through the pictured glass,
Crowning with purple glory each white tomb;
Methinks before me those great spirits pass,
Now shining, now in gloom.

Some melancholy, with low-drooping faces,
And some with eyes that flash, and lips that smile;
All bear, though long departed, earthly traces,
As slow they sweep the aisle.

Again they vanish—poets with their bays,
And monarchs with their crowns; the arches bend,
The statues rise, the gorgeous chapels blaze;
Richness and beauty blend.

And here they sleep—the famous of their day,
Giv'n all that lofty mind on earth inherits;
Men would immortal make their treasured clay,
As fame hath made their spirits.

And pilgrims come to gaze, and think, and sigh,
  And some will envy their proud, honour'd rest,
But others feel they'd rather lowly lie,
  Pillowed on earth's green breast.

Where for man's art that decks this column'd ground,
  God's sweet creations, simple flowers would blow,
And for the mighty organ's billowy sound,
  Birds trill their anthems low.

Where for the fretted roof, and pillar tall,
  The sky would spread its ceiling, azure-bright,
And where for panes' rich tints, would softly fall
  Eve's tremulous, golden light.

Abbey! proud work of eld, that still man's eye
  Will scan in awe when this poor breath has fled;
Stone's grand, harmonious, solemn poetry!
  Home of the famous dead!

I cannot view thee, hoary in our days,
  But gathering majesty as ages roll,
Without deep reverence, sighing as I gaze,
  Without heaven-lifted soul.

A WALK IN KENSAL-GREEN CEMETERY.

Sun, pause amid the western clouds awhile,
  And from thy throne of amber, flame, and gold,
Look not in sorrow, but with gentlest smile,
  On this wide field where Death has penn'd his fold.

Yes, sweetest beams are shining from calm skies,
And painting all the flowers, in that rich light,
With hues they might have worn in Paradise,
When angels kissed them into bloom more bright.

There is a solemn hush, a beauty here,
Which seem in holiest thoughts the soul to steep,
Robbing the grave of darkness and of fear;
In these calm precincts who would dread to sleep?

A city held by death around me lies,
The living city near—O life! O life!
There art thou wrestling for some longed-for prize,
Lured on by hope, 'mid smiles, and tears, and strife.

And soon the busy living, called away,
Will fold their hands in silence 'neath these flowers,
Fair monuments their proud, their last display,
Whitening like angels' wings, in these still bowers.

Walking from tomb to tomb, how many a tale
We seem to read! the merchant here is laid
In marble grandeur; nothing now avail
His ships, his gold—these will not soothe his shade.

Yonder an actor sleeps; his lip no more
Shall drop our Shakespeare's precious pearls around,
Or the full tide of swelling passion pour!
His stage—how narrow now beneath the ground!

The hero, in that vault, is deaf to praise;
Here fate's keen shears the poet's harp-strings sever,
The dancer trips no more the graceful maze,
And the sweet singer's notes are hushed for ever.

The husband hangs immortelles on the tomb
Of her whose memory faithful love will keep;
The youth bids freshest flowers and laurel bloom,
Where, lowly laid, his honoured parents sleep.

That spotless statue, with the drooping hands,
Symbols young Beauty with her broken spell,
Holding men's hearts no more in silken bands,
Gone from the ball in lampless gloom to dwell.

What simple flowers are breathing sweets apart,
The white-ruffed daisy, and the snowy rose?
Oh, these are tended by some loving heart,
Which thus makes beautiful its silent woes.

A mother here—I read it on the stone—
Gave from her sheltering breast to cold, cold earth,
Her precious one, that like a star had shone,
And filled her home with light, and joy, and mirth.

Methinks I see that home—how mournful now,
How desolate, the fairy ever fled!
I hear the sigh, I see the knees that bow;
But sighs and prayers will not recall the dead.

One little chair is empty; on the floor
The playthings lie untouched; at evening hour
The low-lisped prayer to God is heard no more;
She cannot kiss the soft curls' auburn shower;

And so she comes to sorrow, and to keep
Flowers blooming here, her heart by hope beguiled;
To ponder on the past, and pray, and weep,
And clasp again in dreams her perished child.

Yet, sadness, flee away! thou shalt not spread,
O'er this kind resting-place, thy wings of gloom,
Where bodies press awhile death's painless bed,
To wake once more, and spurn the conquered tomb.

If I could open wide these mortal eyes,
A scene of glory might enchant the gaze;
Peopling death's still domain, from brilliant skies
Forms might glide down on yonder opal rays.

Yes, watching angels haunt this field of rest,
Wait at each tomb as at a close-shut door,
Till the dumb vaults send forth each slumbering guest,
Springing to join its soul for evermore.

But Nature now smiles sweetly; fading day
Nowhere than here drops brighter, richer gold;
Nowhere the flowers more lovely hues display,
Gracing, while making fragrant, death's chill mould.

Hark! by the sepulchre the throstle sings,
His voice, though tender, hath no touch of sadness;
E'en the lone redbreast folds his russet wings,
And pipes upon the stone his notes of gladness.

O'er the calm spot methinks a figure bends:
'Tis meek Religion in her robes of white;
A benediction from the sky descends—
No darkness here, but light, soul's endless light.

Beauty, and peace, and love, have fixed their dwelling
Among these graves, and sanctified the sod;
Bright-visioned Hope, of happier regions telling,
Breathes from the turf, and wafts our thoughts to God.

THE WEAVER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

[Many of the weavers of Bethnal-Green are descendants of those Huguenots, who fled to England shortly after the massacre of St. Bartholomew; thus, for nearly three centuries, in this crowded district, have these French artisans exercised their peculiar art. Their children at a very tender age begin to assist them at the loom, and their general poverty but great industry are well known.]

The shuttle speeds, the fingers play,
The costly silk beneath him glows;
'Twill deck proud Beauty's form one day,
When to bright court or ball she goes.
The bony hands are flying,
The secret heart is sighing;
She'll boast her many conquests won,
Made gay by poor starvation's son.

A little mournful face is near:
  Thoughtful she looks beyond her age;
No joyous prattle meets the ear—
  Duties that woman-child engage:
    She works long hours, long hours;
    No curls, in flaxen showers,
Fall on her neck; her hair is shorn;
'Twould hinder work were tresses worn.

Six years, not springs, that child has seen,
  For here they never mention spring;
Trees, daisies, streamlets, herbage green,
  Their names to her no meaning bring:
    Her world this dingy room,
    That street of dirt and gloom;
God's brighter world, 'neath azure skies,
Never unfolded to her eyes.

No dimpled hand, or peachy cheek,
  But worn, and thin, and sickly white;
Children the healthful fields should seek,
  Their tongues all glee, their eyes all light.
    But her face mirrors sadness,
    Her eye ne'er flashes gladness;
She does not play as children play—
Work, work has chased all sport away.

She toils, but sobs not, closely keeping
  Her sorrows in her gentle breast;
Labour allows no time for weeping,
  They must not think, they must not rest:

So still his task he plies,
Swiftly the shuttle flies,
Whirr—whirr, in that small wretched room,
Scant food—foul air—a living tomb.

But see, the wearied child now lingers,
Confused and dim each object grows;
She droops—she stays her meagre fingers,
At length her eyes' pale violets close;
And now, some dream beguiling,
Her young wreathed lips are smiling;
Her fancy with some angel flies
From these dark walls to paradise.

Yes, be it fancy, be it true,
A moment, on heaven's crystal shore,
She's with the angels, happy too,
Labour and hunger felt no more:
Such spirit, who shall say,
May not be caught away?
Child-souls so like to angels are,
As rose to rose—as star to star.

The father turns to her his gaze,
Thus wearied, dreaming 'mid the dim;
He pauses now, though rare he stays
The labour which is life to him:
Ah! seldom smiles shed brightness
On that small face of whiteness;
The poor man charmed and lost appears,
Stoops, kisses her, and yields to tears.

But tears will earn not bread; he plies
Again the swift and clattering loom;
The child hath left bright paradise,
To work once more in that dark room:
The gaunt, worn form is bending
At tasks which seem unending,
And little hands toil out the day,
To keep starvation's fiend away.

THE YOUNG OPERA-DANCER.

Brightly are the stage-lights shining,
Gay and gorgeous is the scene,
Groups of nymphs their arms are twining,
Dancing on a festive green:
Spectacle, each sense entrancing!
Music making bosoms swell—
Oh, the magic of that dancing!
Charming with a wondrous spell.

See, beneath an arch of roses,
One fair maid glides forward now;
'Tis the bride—by those white posies,
By the pearls that crown her brow.
All fall back as she advances,
Bounding, graceful as the roe,
And her foot, like meteor, glances,
To and fro—and to and fro.

Matchless dancing—sure a fairy
Hath just left Titania's halls;
'Tis so joyous, sprightly, airy,
Snow less light than those foot-falls:
Ay, a spirit seems as burning
In that tiny foot, now slow,
Now, like lightning, crossing, turning,
To and fro—and to and fro.

Oh, the young girl's graceful springing,
Steps by last steps still surpassed!
Now applause is wildly ringing,
Bouquets round her thickly cast.
Pleased she looks, joy undissembling,
And bright smiles her thanks express,
E'en for very rapture trembling;
Sweet are plaudits, sweet success!

Wearied, listless, leans the dancer,
After midnight in her room;
Eyes to pleasure flash no answer,
Cheeks have lost their painted bloom:
Flowers upon the floor are lying,
Pale, thin fingers beat her brow,
And her vacant breast is sighing,
No glad nymph, no fairy now!

What avail applauses, only
Given to grace, to nimble feet?
Her young heart is cold and lonely,
No kind heart to love or greet.

Hers but toil for others' pleasure,
Now, the poor excitement o'er,
She doth scorn the gold-paid measure,
Source of pride and bliss before.

Leaning on her hand, she's thinking
Of her home by Como's tide,
And she views the calm sun sinking,
And the Alps in glory dyed.
Yes, she feels more joy is dwelling
In that home fond memory keeps,
Than in plaudits loudly swelling,
And the world-praised dancer weeps.

THE LITTLE CHURCHYARD IN THE CITY.

[The wayfarer, passing through the City of London, especially in the neighbourhood of Cheapside and Upper Thames Street, will see numerous small burial-grounds of an ancient date. A few of these long-unused places of interment contain mouldering tombs, and are decently planted with flowers, while some are carefully secured by walls and iron railings.]

Ere the "Great Fire," spread fear and woe,
Laying half wealthy London low,
Above these graves did tear-drops flow.

The little church is swept away,
But still a wall, railed, moss'd, and gray,
Surrounds the tombs of ancient day.

A few feet off, the passers by
Hurry along, nor turn to sigh
O'er those who now forgotten lie.

Yet when red evening floods the west,
And charms to peace the river's breast,
And jaded Labour seeks his rest:

A strange solemnity appears
To pall these graves of other years,
Making us thoughtful e'en to tears.

'Round crumbling tombs the long grass grows;
The citizens that here repose
Once knew ambitions, joys, and woes.

But they are still, like that hushed beam
Which paints the stones with golden gleam,
Their lives to us a myth, a dream.

The rain has long defaced each name,
Obscure perchance, or known to fame;
What matters it? they rest the same.

There, may a wealthy Merchant sleep,
Or Mayor who did high revel keep,
And quaff potations long and deep.

Here a poor city-clerk may lie,
His lot to toil, in penury sigh,
Glad to lay down his pen and die.

'Tis kind to guard this place of rest,
That none the mouldering tombs molest;
Sleep, citizens, on earth's calm breast!

Children are playing near the graves,
Where still, though small, one yew-tree waves,
And meekly dust, fire, ages, braves.

Oh, may no hand, with ruthless sway,
This little churchyard sweep away,
Poor, pleading wreck of long-gone day!

The ancient sleepers seem to cry—
"Improvement! pass these precincts by,
And let us here in quiet lie!"

LONDON BRIDGE.

Midnight spreads its ebon wing
O'er this Bridge of wide renown,
Standing like a solemn king,
On the waters gazing down—
Waters tide-wrought, swelling, gushing,
Wealth of Nations on their breast,
Upwards sweeping, downwards rushing,
As of very life possessed;
Like man's passions, troubled still,
Reason warring with the will—
Passions doomed to know no rest.

But the roar, the hum of life,
On this Bridge the livelong day,
Toil and traffic, shouts and strife,
Like a dream, have died away:
Now they lie with sleep-sealed eyes,
Crowds that lately met our view
Towers and steeples dimly rise,
Mists their cloaks of sombre hue;
And the forests of tall masts,
Bending not to sea-born blasts,
Look as they were slumbering too.

Stillness—'tis a thing most strange
On this river-road of stone;
Yes, the eye can freely range,
And the spirit muse alone:
Like a corpse the city lies
'Neath dun heaven's outspreading pall;
Sad the night-wind o'er it sighs,
And low clouds their tears let fall;
Soon will resurrection come,
Rise once more the deafening hum,
Lusty life again for all.

Hark! a sound is deeply swinging
From where towers a dome sublime;
Answering tongues the winds are bringing
'Tis the beating pulse of Time:
Ah! Time's speed! another hour
Quenched and vanished like a spark,
Stricken by that hand of power,
On his anvil hard and dark;

Like a drop in thy round sea,
Greedy-mawed Eternity!
Like thought's passage none can mark.

Bridge, renowned in city story!
Bridge of commerce, Bridge of woe!
Spanning now in dusky glory
Waves where star-beams strive to glow;
From these arches, weak limbs quivering,
Want hath dashed into the tide;
And the Maiden, pale and shivering,
Sought, beneath, her shame to hide;
Broken-hearted and reviled,
Round she cast her glances wild,
Thought of home, and plunged, and died.

'Tis a solemn, wondrous sight,
London with its great heart still;
Hushed and covered by the Night,
How much suffering, wrong, and ill!
These dark waves beneath me sweeping,
Tell of onward-rushing years,
Which, quick-eddying, never sleeping,
Fret against life's wearing piers;
Something like a sigh, a prayer,
Seems to swell through midnight air,
Something touches more than tears.

MORNING IN CHEAPSIDE.

Pouring exhaustless, ceaseless, onward pressing,
This channel of quick being never dry,
Each drop a human creature, soul possessing—
The waves of life pass by.

Thinking and planning, hoping, fearing, dreaming,
A little world in every busy heart,
Each from his fellow hides his secret scheming,
Forms close, but souls apart.

What lines are written on those passing faces
Of varied meaning—anxious, sad, or gay!
Here disappointment its dark furrow traces,
Plans cross'd, hopes swept away.

There the wild sparkle of success is glowing
In boldly-opened eyes, while brows, close-knit,
Tell of a brain still busy, thought-waves flowing,
Features with passions lit.

That worn and sickly frame declares a story
Of toil for bread—the industrious, virtuous slave,
Working ambitionless, till, frail and hoary,
He seeks his nameless grave.

And thus they pass each morn to varied duties,
Spending in close brain-labour life's few hours;
What care their souls for Nature's countless beauties—
Blue skies, streams, hills, or flowers?

Nay, there are hearts immured in darksome alleys,
That pant, while bowed by fate, to burst their chain,
That sigh for breezy hills, green woods, and valleys,
White shore and bounding main.

Oft will they flee away, on fancy's pinion,
To verdant haunts in some sequestered dell,
Where only pensive Thought should claim dominion,
And Quiet weave her spell.

But no, 'tis theirs to labour, and to mingle
In that vast throng; yet mourn not, or complain;
Heaven hath their tasks assigned; they toil not single,
Nor is their labour vain.

These multitudes, before my vision sweeping,
A moral teach—no hermit man should be;
They ply the sickle, wealth's wide harvest reaping—
This mighty city, see!

Thro' them 'tis great, earth's envy, and earth's wonder!
Commerce is London's heart—her life's true flame;
Such workers—England, sound the truth in thunder!
Have made thy power, thy fame.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Fort, prison, palace! 'mid thy towers we wander,
Where strength, like Samson, mourns its glory fled;
O what a crowd of memories while we ponder,
Bursts, ghost-like, from the graves of ages dead!

Since the proud Conqueror laid these strong foundations,
What blood has here been spilt; what bitter showers
Of tears poor eyes have rained! what sad creations
Fancy hath bodied in yon prison-towers!

The Traitor's Gate—through those now silent portals,
How many victims, pale and shivering, passed!
Guilty and innocent—worst, best of mortals,
Here on the outer world have looked their last.

Now warders, up and down, are calmly walking,
Scenting the ancient stones, sweet wall-flowers blow:
Cannons are rusting, men are idly talking,
Nor care for anguish felt long years ago.

But had yon Beauchamp Tower the gift of speaking,*
Each room, each stone, a tale of grief would tell,
Of hopes for ever blasted, fond hearts breaking;
Oh, man oft makes for man an earthly hell!

*Sir Walter Raleigh was confined in the White Tower, but the greatest number of illustrious victims were imprisoned in the Beauchamp Tower, some of the walls of which are covered with inscriptions. From this tower many famous men and women were taken to execution, some being beheaded in front of St. Peter's Chapel, and others on Tower Hill.

Still on the darkened walls we read inscriptions,
Traced by the agonised in hopeless hours—
Love—prayers for strength—but nowhere maledictions;
Brave men, fair women—long, long faded flowers!

I stand before the chapel; let me travel
Back through the ages—what a scene is there!
The young, the beautiful*—those curls unravel;
Pause, headsman, while they shear her golden hair!

Around her eyes the bandage she is tying,
Her last warm prayer, forgiveness for her foes;
Now on the block her beauteous head is lying—
A flashing stroke ends all her pangs and woes!

To heaven's bright gate I see her soul ascending,
For mortal crowns a brighter crown above,
And seraphs from the clouds are smiling, bending,
Whispering sweet peace and everlasting love.

But other spirits, sufferers famed and glorious,
Have here sprung upwards from their blood-stained biers,
And, great as warriors falling when victorious,
They claim our reverence, while they ask our tears.

All, all is quiet now; the past's deep ocean
Rolls o'er those buried days; the wind's faint breath
Whispers to yonder flag in tremulous motion—
No cruel law gives now the just to death.

* Lady Jane Grey.

The sun, while dying west, is calmly throwing
O'er all the fortress, crimson, slanting beams,
And in the light each rugged tower is glowing,
Like age which smiles when sleep brings youthful dreams.

An ancient clock the fleeting hour is telling,
The sentinel is pacing idly-slow;
The hum of London drowsily is swelling;
The spot is peace—no more a scene of woe.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Dream of a mighty mind!—The sleeper woke,
Recalled that dream, and built it up in stone;
Pleased was the shade of Angelo, whose cloak
Of gorgeous genius on our Wren was thrown;
Old Architecture gazed with wondering eyes,
As domed St. Paul's flashed upwards in the skies.

Come from the idle bustle of the street,
The noise, the glitter of life's little "now!"
Enter the hall of thought, Religion's seat,
Feel God is near, and reverent bare the brow;
Look round, and lift thy meditations high,
Grandeur a wing to waft them to the sky.

All is colossal; the dumb gazer seems
Lost, overwhelmed, 'neath yon stupendous dome,
A being borne to giant-land in dreams,
A creeping pigmy in a Titan's home,
Half disbelieving that frail man could rear,
With puny hand, the glory blazing here.

The pyramids are grand, but wildly rude;
Here beauty weds magnificence; O Art!
What hast thou done for mortals?—Man, imbued
With thy great soul, achieves a wondrous part,
Builds like a god, and leaves impressed behind,
On works of splendour, his proud master-mind.

Marble, cold, shining marble, all around—
Statues of marble, marble floors we tread,
Where every footfall gives an echoing sound;
Sublimity begets a sense of dread:
Could nobler temple rise from this low sod,
Where mind, in holiest calm, might worship God?

Here, from the throng, the whirl of life, apart,
A loftier life awhile we seem to lead;
A still small voice is whispering to the heart,
Why grovelling cares and trifles should we heed?
Why are our thoughts to briefest visions given?
Why ceaseless think of earth, and ne'er of heaven?

Hark! heard I the far cannon's deepening boom,
Such as at Waterloo went up the sky?
Saw I a sword bright-flashing through the gloom?
Did the vast walls faint echo victory?
Such thrilling fancies in the heart will glow,
Musing on Valour sepulchred below.

He rises yonder with the "eagle eye,"
Full plumed, and harnessed for his last great fight;
Cool yet resolved—if vanquished, he can die;
Mighty are hearts when battling for the right;

Heroic shade! why still? Dash on! dash on!
Conqueror of conquerors! hail, great Wellington!

Sleep, England's famous captain! such a pile
A worthy tomb for thee; proud hero, sleep!
Glory on thy sarcophagus shall smile,
And stainless honour thy prized relics keep;
St. Paul's, from age to age, will stand sublime,
And, like thy world-spread fame, will mock at time.

THE CAGED BLACKBIRD IN THE CITY.

At a dingy window's height,
O'er the narrow, noisy street,
Thou art singing in delight,
Singing blithely, wildly-sweet;
Midst the heavy trampling, rushing,
Still thy song is flute-like gushing;
Midst the smoke that blinds the day,
Pulses still thy joyous lay,
The long, rich note
From thy black, swelling throat,
Piping and melting soft away.

Why so happy art thou, tell me,
In thy willow-prison there?
Dost thou never sorrow, tell me,
For the country bright and fair?

For the leafy woods and valleys,
Fresh blue streams, and flowery alleys?
Are these scenes forgotten, say,
Pouring thus thy merry lay,
The long, rich note
From thy black, swelling throat,
Piping and melting soft away?

Human discord is around,
Not the sighing of the gales;
Sickly flowers in pots abound,
Not the wild ones in the vales:
Morning bringeth smoke, black-trailing,
Not gold clouds o'er mountains sailing,
Yet with dusky, opening day,
Gushes forth thy jocund lay,
The long, rich note
From thy black, swelling throat,
Piping and melting soft away.

Blackbird, in that close street, sing!
Like man's suffering soul art thou;
Time and custom balm will bring,
What was grief, contentment now:
Yes, we learn to bear with gladness,
What once pained and caused us sadness;
So, 'mid smoke that blinds the day,
Bird, we hear thy joyous lay,
The long, rich note
From thy black, swelling throat,
Piping and melting soft away!

HYDE PARK IN THE SEASON.

Hail, Hyde Park! when Fashion filleth
London with a living stream,
And her blithe song Pleasure trilleth,
Life one brilliant, joyous dream.

Mettled horses gallants bearing,
Prancing as if treading air;
Sweet equestrians smiling, daring,
Gay as the plumed hats they wear.

Blazon'd chariots onward dashing,
Glittering thunderbolts that seem,
Skill alone prevents a crashing,
When two meet in Pleasure's stream.

Gaze along the flowing ocean,
When morn's gorgeous beams unfold,
See a myriad waves in motion—
Sides of silver, crests of gold.

Such the restless maze and sparkle,
Made by ladies' rich attire,
Countless hues which flash or darkle—
Living sea thou must admire.

Smiling faces—eyes bright glancing,
Breasts—strong armour against care,
Reckless mirth within them dancing—
Happy, sportive spirits there!

Wealth upon them raineth blessings,
Lean-cheek'd Want mopes far away,
Rich in Fortune's dear caressings—
England's favour'd children they.

Such that Park when Fashion filleth
London with a living stream,
And her blithe song Pleasure trilleth,
Life one gay, tumultuous dream.

THE SLEEPERS IN HYDE PARK.

WIDE o'er the Park dun midnight spreads her veil,
Fashion's pleased, brilliant crowd has long departed;
No moon is up, and stars are glimmering pale,
As Nature were sad-hearted.

I pace the walks, but am not here alone;
I hear the night-wind creep, now human sighing;
In groups beneath the trees, on benches thrown,
Dark, meagre forms are lying.*

* During the summer months many homeless, destitute persons pass their nights in Hyde Park, sleeping on the wooden seats, or resting against the trunks of trees.

They huddle here who have no homes beside,
And must not in the streets lie down to slumber;
Spurn and contemn them, silken sons of Pride!
They seem the earth to cumber.

An old man, to escape the pattering shower,
Lays his white head where matted boughs surround him;
He cannot sleep, but counts the weary hour,
His rags close drawing round him.

A boy in that wild prime which mocks at woe,
Health on his cheek, all tranquilly reposes,
A stone his pillow—dream-smiles come and go,
As if he slept on roses.

Propp'd on a bench, a woman leans apart,
Her oft-patch'd garbs around her decent keeping;
Death-still she lies, then, moving with a start,
Bursts into sobs and weeping.

And something in her arms, with tender care,
She folds and kisses, night-winds from it screening;
A squalid child—but, oh, how dear, how fair,
To her above it leaning!

And dearer for its sickness, and more prized;
Strong love of offspring in all bosoms springing!
A plant in woman's heart imparadised,
A music through earth ringing!

The little one moans faintly in its pain,
And she her sleepless watch is sadly keeping;
She strives to pray—the effort is in vain,
So she is only weeping.

God, in thy mercy, look upon the scorn'd,
The poor Park-sleepers in their homeless sorrow!
Hope, with sweet sunshine, has most lots adorn'd,
For them she gilds no morrow.

THE LONDON FLOWER-SELLER.

Morn after morn, in sunshine or in rain,
They saw her in the bustling crowded street,
Offering her flowers, and offering oft in vain,
But walking still with sore and weary feet;
Though sad the story told by her young eyes,
Her woes more numerous than her years,
None heard the little flower-girl's sighs,
None ever saw her tears.

Not ragged, though in bitter want she seemed,
Her dress was neat, bound neatly her light hair;
Her once round cheek was thin, and brightly gleamed
The small pink spot that told consumption there:
But still her flowers she offered morn and eve;
None marked death's hue, or cared if woe
Crushed her young heart, why should they grieve
For one so poor, so low?

A short time pass'd; she ceased to move among
The busy crowds; no more she offer'd flowers;
Her pale, sweet face had vanished from the throng,
Unseen as falls a bud 'mid summer bowers;

A narrow, dingy court, a squalid room—
Children below at noisy play—
Want, wretchedness, and shrouding gloom—
There the sick flower-girl lay.

Low on a coarse, hard bed, her form reclined,
The seal of death upon her shrunken face;
Her long light hair no more she sought to bind,
Yet weakness had not quenched her youthful grace.
Her eye was bright, her thin hand seemed of snow;
It feebly held a tattered book of prayer,
And o'er her features stole at times a glow,
Making pain beauteous there.

Her old blind father sat beside her bed;
Her mother slept the sleep that knows no waking;
Each lowly friend, once seeming kind, had fled,
And for that aged man her heart was breaking;
She stretched her arms—one kiss ere life be past;
Upon his shoulder fainting now she lay,
Now half revived, while tears down-trickled fast;
"Farewell!" she strove to say.

Blithe in its cage a little linnet sings,
Once her poor joy—whose hand will feed it now?
The court with shouts of ragged children rings,
Grief only marks the father's furrowed brow;
The busy city hums, and countless cries
Thrill the dusk air—his tears alone are shed;
His little one is gone—none heed his sighs,
Or mourn the Flower-girl dead.

THE OLD BAILEY PRISON BY NIGHT.

PURE maiden moon, veil close your gentle light!
Stars, smile not down your sweet beams through the night
Hidden be all things beautiful and bright.

Blackness and melancholy, grief and gloom,
Sit on this ancient building as a tomb,
Each stone a chronicle of death and doom.

Since thou wert raised, O pile of mournful fame!
The mass of crime, the world of sin and shame,
These walls have held, e'en fiends might shrink to name.

What curses have defiled the burdened air,
From harden'd vice! how oft have mounted there
The cry of woe, the wailings of despair!

What gentle sighings, too, of contrite hearts,
Pierced at the last by conscience' searching darts,
When kind religion comes, and balm imparts!

What wrestlings of the soul those cells have seen,
What passion-storms no soothings made serene,
What tears, hot tears of anguish deep and keen!

What sad, long lingerings at the prison door,
What bitter scenes within, hope ever o'er,
Partings of breaking hearts to meet no more!

The mother wailing for her son; dismay
Crushing the sister's soul that last dark day;
And the wife's shriek, in faintings borne away.

How many a time yon deep sepulchral bell
Hath sounded through the courts its awful knell,
While crowds without heaved like the ocean's swell!

How many a wretch, with ghastly, straining eye,
And quivering limb, death's moment drawing nigh,
Hath looked his anguished last on earth and sky!

Pile of black guilt! of fierce remorse and woe!
Still must thou frown, while Justice reigns below,
And in man's breast crime's plants of poison grow.

As now I wander near thy sombre walls,
Quick life goes on; the gas-light round me falls,
And children play; his wares the vendor calls.

None view that human den with troubled breast,
They toil, laugh, feast, nor heed "the house unblest,"
Where crime may mock, but woe is still a guest.

Pure maiden moon, veil close your gentle light,
Stars, smile not down your sweet beams through the night!
Hidden be all things beautiful and bright.

THE GREAT CLOCK-TOWER AT WESTMINSTER.

The huge bell strikes the hour; the solemn sound
Goes booming forth, and vibrates far around;
O warning bell! O preacher most profound!

It strikes—another wave has reached Time's shore,
And burst in foam, its fret and sparkle o'er;
And on life's road we've journeyed one step more.

It strikes—it tells the idler he can never
Drag back the past, whate'er his strong endeavour,
The wasted moments fled, for ever, ever!

It strikes—it tells the improver of his hours
That he alone binds up unfading flowers,
And grows more rich as Time the "now" devours.

It strikes—it tells the beautiful, the gay,
Her eye, though radiant still, hath lost a ray,
Her raven hair is nearer to its grey.

It strikes—it tells the miser that his hold
Is one hour less upon his treasured gold,
For in the grave his wealth he cannot fold.

It strikes—the great ones in yon Abbey sleeping—
Ah! do they hear it, their long vigil keeping,
And know that Judgment-day is nearer sweeping?

It strikes—how precious once the span of time,
Now joined the eternal years, with that deep chime—
Sure portion of our lives—thought sad, sublime!

Yes, as it strikes, those sounds which thousands reach,
Weighty and solemn lessons loudly teach,
More eloquent than sermons lips can preach.

Then, as it strikes, the moments let us prize,
See in each hour a golden ladder rise,
By which soul climbs to wisdom and the skies.

LONDON IN THE SPRING.

Foggy London in the Spring—
When comes down the gloomy rain,
And blue skies you seek in vain,
Mottled smoke up-eddying there,
Dusky blanket in the air;
Wet the streets where mud is scattering,
And a thousand wheels are clattering,
Men and women, to and fro,
Rushing in a ceaseless flow;
No spring-birds on house or spire,
Slippery pavement, cloggy mire—

Little joy that scene can bring,
Splashy London in the Spring.

Pure, free Country in the Spring—
When fall softly freshening showers,
Loved by newly-opening flowers,
And the turf more greenly grows,
And the brook more brightly flows;
When the blackbird flutes his strain,
Loving too the mild, soft rain;
And the lambs are sporting free,
Snowballs on the cowslipp'd lea,
While the sun doth laugh away
Meadow-vapours thin and gray,
Like a giant fresh and bright,
Looking from his azure height,
Lacing small clouds wandering by,
With white silver in the sky;
When the rainbow spans the vale,
With its colours rich and pale—
Bridge built up by angels, meet
For their passing, shining feet.—
Oh, the scene doth look awhile
Loving Heaven's embodied smile,
Nature, in her infant hour,
Laughing in her Eden-bower,
While o'er all health spreads his wing;
Such sweet country in the Spring!

THE DREAM OF THE LONDON SEAMSTRESS.

HEAVY, and slow, and booming loud,
St. Paul's has struck the midnight hour;
A fog comes down, and in its shroud
Wraps street, and bridge, and tower;
The gas-lamp struggles through the gloom,
Men walk, as in a murky tomb;
While falls the chilly, drizzling rain,
Beading each pane.

High in a garret, lone and small,
Her only wealth—bed, table, chair,
Silent she works; no tear-drops fall,
For she has learnt to bear;
Has learnt to drive her griefs away,
And ceased for happier hours to pray;
Though gone her strength, and lost her bloom,
Work is her doom.

Hour after hour she plies her fingers;
Two—three, St. Paul's has sounded deep;
Her head droops low, her quick hand lingers—
She starts—she must not sleep:
She hums a tune; again her eyes
Close, like two flowers 'neath evening's skies;
Down on her work her head is cast,
She sleeps at last.

O dreams that will restore joy's gold
To bankrupt hearts! kind blessèd dreams!
No rain, no night, her eyes behold—
A summer morning beams;
A country cottage, blossom'd bowers,
Bees humming round rich-scented flowers,
A brawling brook, and, far away,
The cuckoo's lay.

Her youthful sisters' voices sound,
Her father, living, talks and smiles;
The Sabbath-bell now murmurs 'round,
They cross the fields and ancient stiles;
Ruff'd daises make the pathway fair,
The clover scents the sunny air;
Her heart, like earth in beauty clad,
Is gay and glad.

She seems within the church to stand,
Sees font and pulpit's quaint-carved dove,
The white-robed pastor, and the band
Of rustic singers ranged above:
The prayer is breathed; she kneels and sighs,
And to her Maker lifts her eyes;
The choir breaks out, the old wall shakes;
She starts and wakes.

She wakes—where church, where suns that glow?
The dreary night, the drizzling rain,
The candle in its socket low—
She wakes to truth and pain.

O happy days flashed back in sleep!
Their light makes darkness now more deep;
And while she blesses earlier years,
She yields to tears.

She weeps, and works amid her sorrow,
And those she toils for sleep the while:
Will better fortune bless to-morrow?
Can hope her heart beguile?
Yes, hope of that far land of peace,
Where hunger gnaws not, toils will cease,
And tears, life's bitter struggles o'er,
Shall flow no more.

THE GAMBLER'S LAST HOUR.

He saw from northern slopes Day shut his gates,
Shut out the angels loving cheerful light,
Let in the spirits on whom darkness waits,
Carrying the star-laced banner of the night:
Silence, with folded hands and leaden eye,
Sat looking on the city, and the sky.

That city stretched far off, and on it lay
A hazy glow from myriad lamps out-shed;
Old Thames slept black in shadow, but a ray
Bathed the high cross on Paul's dark sainted head;
The night-wind brought no hum, not e'en a sighing,
As if across wide London Death were flying.

One form upon "the Heath" alone was seen,
And moveless as the sleeping trees he stood;
Dire thoughts or feelings froze him; stern that mien,
And his eyes' ghastly glare had thrilled your blood:
The moon, that from mass'd clouds at times would break,
Just showed his forehead's gloom, and hueless cheek.

A touching picture met mind's vision now,
And sent a dagger to the gambler's soul;
The hapless man before it seemed to bow,
And wordless anguish o'er his features stole;
Calm he could face his God, and plunge death's stream,
But spirit shrank at this too gentle dream.

He saw the loved one who had wept and prayed,
And ofttimes urged religion's soothing power;
The little ones who round his knees had played;
And must he leave them at this dreadful hour?
Must her dear voice—life's bitter conflict o'er—
And their sweet prattle, reach his ear no more?

He lowered the pistol pointed at his head,
And walked with hurried footsteps to and fro!
Shall life, warm life, be changed for death's cold bed?
Horror on that white face had turned to woe;
And now he sat him on a mossy stone,
And bowed his shivering form with many a groan.

O struggle between love and that dark fiend
Which urged to death! the evil ruled once more,
Resolve made firm his soul, and as he leaned
On that cold stone, he wished life's miseries o'er,

And cursed dire gaming, by whose hellish thrall
He lost his hard-gained wealth, his soul, his all!

A low farewell—a few warm tears were shed
For her he loved—a sudden shot was heard
Sharp ringing through the night; the flowret's head
Bent stained with blood; up flew the startled bird;
Then on the Heath fell silence far and wide,
And passed to God the hapless Suicide.

THE GOOD LONDON CLERGYMAN.

The dens of London—there thick darkness lies,
And crime doth spread a pall;
Above the "now" men's thoughts but rarely rise,
Mind nought, the senses all.

He preached to masses vicious, blind, and rude;
He sought no lofty name,
Yet gave to starving souls more heavenly food,
Than many of proudest fame.

His lips dropped no speech-pearls, or words of fire,
And when he waved his hand
Grace guided not; his voice did seem no lyre,
Melodious, rich, and bland.

He stood within his pulpit, bold and calm,
And won men's hearts by love,
Not like a trumpet, but a holy psalm,
Raising those hearts above.

Tho' strong his mind, tho' knowledge steeped his soul,
Plain words he spoke to all;
The humble understood; his preaching stole,
Not rushed, as cataracts fall.

Where want, in rags and squalor, passed his days,
Oft was the Preacher found;
Like some kind light which strives to shed its rays
Brightest on darkest ground.

Where crime spread blackness, there he still was seen;
And though vice mocked at first,
Won by his solemn words, his gentle mien,
Men wept where once they cursed.

The house of sickness that good Pastor sought,
Prayed by the poor man's bed;
Where to find rest the restless sufferer taught,
And dews of comfort shed.

Thus he pursued his quiet, virtuous way,
Noble, unselfish, kind;
He asked not wealth, he made no proud display,
To earthly honours blind.

His name was known not to the busy crowd,
None lauded, sought his side;
No flatterers gave him "testimonial" proud,
Obscure he toiled and died.

But in the memories of the poor and low,
The good man long shall live;
And long shall mourn him pining want and woe,
Grief all they now can give.

The eloquent lip-thunderer wins renown,
And dazzles through his day,
In scorn on such dim labourer looking down,
So bright his own large ray.

But brilliant meteors flash along the sky,
Then fade into the night;
The little star, tho' scarcely marked on high,
Shines with enduring light.

A RAMBLE IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

Crowds, crowds, where'er I turn; I cannot flee
Life's quick, wild whirl; I can no exit see
From thy blind maze, close-pent humanity!

Crowds, crowds; they press along this bustling street,
With anxious eyes, their business to be fleet,
As if their souls obeyed their hurrying feet.

Crowds, crowds; did heaven mean man to turn away
From leafy wood, moss'd vale, and mountain gray,
And all fair earth reveals by night, by day;

To gather in close masses, making here
Life no calm walk, to thought and Nature dear,
But a wild rush of passion, hope, and fear?

The mid-day sky, a voiceless arch, is spread,
A few dun clouds move silently o'erhead,
Here, only here, is tumult's tossing bed.

London, thy wealth I see in gorgeous square,
In carriages that dash, in marts that glare,
In rich attire that fashion's votaries wear.

London, thy lean, pinched poverty I meet,
In many an alley dark, and noisome street,
Where want, vice, suffering, make their hideous seat.

O from this world of hearts what secret cries,
What varied sounds, contrasted, mount the skies,
From mirth's loud laugh to grief's despairing sighs!

Angels may hover in this noontide air,
To waft to heaven's bright gate the good man's prayer,
While fiends away the oath and curse may bear.

I leave the abodes of splendour, moving slow,
Pass domed St. Paul's, that, crowned with heaven's softglow,
Looks mountain-like on men and streets below.

The bell in thunder smites the quivering air,
And cries, "Another hour! reflect! prepare!"
But for Time's preaching nought those hurriers care.

I gaze upon a forest—not of trees
Filled with gay birds, and whispering to the breeze
Sweet idyl-songs, and fairy melodies;

But a wide wood of ships from every land,
Wafting earth's treasures to our northern strand—
Ships in their vast array how proud, how grand!

I wander east, and pass the hoary Tower,
Where flit the shades at evening's glimmering hour,
Of valour, beauty, slain by ruthless power.

Beyond, a maze of houses stretches still,
Mixed with foul dens which squalor's children fill,
Battling with churlish need and direful ill.

O London! where thy end? the pilgrim cries;
Monster of life! great sun that draws all eyes!
Seat of wealth, want, of joys and miseries.

Strange a small isle, to other lands a span,
Savage, despised, when Rome led glory's van,
Should boast the mightiest city known to man!

POEMS

DESIGNED FOR

RECITATION.

" To offer, however humble the tribute, that which may possibly assist in affording, with other aids, an evening's amusement, is a grateful task, and let it not be considered to lack altogether utility."

Essay on Popular Amusements.

POEMS

DESIGNED FOR RECITATION.

THE BURNING EMIGRANT SHIP.

Bravely she walks the ocean,
With smooth and stately motion,
Gliding in beauty tow'rd the glowing West;
The yellow beams are burning
On wide-spread sails, and turning
To glossy gold each little billow's breast:
Gaily the deck they throng,
Some chase the hour with song;
On western shores they seek another home;
Lovers on maidens glance,
And now in groups they dance,
While music makes more smooth the shining foam.

Go down, thou sleepy sun, with burnished brow!
Drop, drop the waters o'er!
Glad eyes that greet thy beams of splendour now,
May view those beams no more.

See that thin smoke—a tiny cloud,
Near where young maids are laughing loud;
'Tis nothing, nothing—pipe the lay,
And merry dancers, dance away!
Forth from the cabin now it curls
In darker whiffs, and wider whirls!
Then low is heard a crackling sound;
With sudden glare, and eager bound,
Up springs a column, redder, higher—
O cease your songs—'tis fire! 'tis fire!

The seamen to and fro are rushing,
And torrents o'er the decks are gushing:
"Put out the fire! more water, more!"
Still goes the cry,
But red on high
Ascend the flames with hiss and roar.
The emigrants are white,
And shivering with affright;
Their instruments are mute,
The viol, horn, and flute,
Cast wildly on the deck,
Where all is maddening wreck:
"Put out the fire! more water, more!"
Still goes the cry,
But red on high
Leap up the flames with fiercer roar.

Around the masts, like snakes, those flames are curling;
The sails are all a-blaze,
They look as dyed with blood, to winds unfurling;
Demons, well pleased, might gaze.

Up the tarr'd ropes the fire's dread fury flies,
Quick messengers of fear,
To bear the tale of horror to the skies—
Hark! what appalls the ear?
'Tis strong men's shouts that die along the wave,
The shrieks of women praying God to save;
Will no good angel come to snatch from doom?
Or must that ship go down, a fiery tomb?

The boats are launched; some rush, some leap;
A tithe of that wild throng,
Hurrying the decks along,
Would whelm those boats beneath the deep;
Burdened they heel, but on the saved they bear;
Hearts bleed to leave behind
Dear friends a grave to find
In that hot furnace of despair.—
Alas for the remaining crowd!
Hark to their wailings loud!
Poor wretches, near the bow,
Like sheep, they gather now,
As if by grouping they could fly
Their doom of fear and agony.
And so that ship on fire
Burns like a funeral pyre;
She drifts along the shimmering, blood-red waves,
The heaving, glossy, fire-reflecting waves,
Like burnished tomb-stones for their coming graves.

Piteous, heart-rending sight! some mutely there
Stand shivering, paralysed, in white despair;

And some, heroic spirits, front grim death,
With hands firm-clenched, raised brow, and bated breath;
While others on the heated deck are kneeling,
Praying to God, their eyes calm light revealing:
A mother here strains wildly to her breast
The unconscious infant, nestling into rest,
Casts off the sparks that 'round in showers are thrown,
And in its danger half forgets her own.
Husbands clasp wives whose moans all bosoms wring,
And lovers madly to each other cling,
Viewing the raging fire, the pitiless main,
And weeping floods of tears, how vain! how vain!

The emigrants, hemmed in, and scorching now,
Behold the flames approach the bow;
They come, creep, creep,
Devouring as they sweep;
Cross fire-jets fiercely flashing,
Prone fall the masts, loud crashing;
Creep, creep—the burnt yards hiss,
Hot seems the very abyss;
Through flames the ship is reeling,
Smoke her black hull concealing;
With mirrored fire each wave is crowned,
Fire here, fire there, fire all around.

A ship! a ship!—upon the ocean's brim
It rises, grows—it flashes through the dim:
A ship! a ship! she steams across the wave,
Swift as morn's sea-bird darting from her cave.
She comes! all eyes are tow'rd that vision cast,
Their shrieks of rapture swelling down the blast.

She comes! the white foam feathering at her bow,
Her colours streaming high, to hail them now.
Ye flames, a moment, hold! Heaven, hear their prayer!
They hang 'twixt life and death, 'twixt hope, despair.

Dash on, thou gallant vessel! urge thy way!
Defraud the flames, and snatch from death its prey.
The emigrants, with straining eyes, look out,
And toss their arms, their souls in each wild shout.
She comes with rushing bow, and whirring wheel,
And her good, urgent mission seems to feel.
She nears the bark; the wide-spread fire she'll brave;
Her boats are lower'd, and dashing on to save:
The emigrants fast crowd them, maiden fair,
Small child, and feeble age, the strong man's care;
And still boats haste away, approach again,
Saving, like angels, those joy-maddened men.
Now all in safety placed, they watch afar
The burning ship, like some huge fiery star.
She labours, heels, ere plunging to her grave,
A cone of flame, a furnace on the wave.
The fish, attracted, to the surface sweep,
Behold the blaze, and, startled, dive more deep;
While sea-birds, wheeling near, fly off in fright,
With piercing screams at that strange, dreadful light.
More flashes rise—thick sparks—the heavens a-glow,
One boiling hiss—she sinks in gulfs below.
Oh, how the saved ones bless their saviours now,
Shake hands, embrace, joy brightening every brow;
Till pent-up feelings burst in one wild cry,
And long, long shouts of rapture mount the sky.

THE BURIAL OF A YOUNG OFFICER AT SEA.

SICKENING he died, far on the Tropic ocean,
Where skies seem flame,
His last word, as he quivered with emotion,
His mother's name.

The sun was dropping westward, slowly, slowly:
Winds lulled away;
Each wave caught heaven's rich splendour; something holy
On nature lay.

The nautilus his painted shell was guiding,
Dolphins gleamed past;
The vessel, on the burnished billow riding,
Long shadows cast.

We brought him upon deck, the awning under,
Bravery now low,
No more to hear the cannon's rolling thunder,
Or front the foe.

We looked again upon his face, and, stooping,
Kissed his young brow,
Then placed him in his shroud, the colours drooping,
All silent now.

There lay he ready—he late mirth and gladness—
For his sea-grave;
And many a heart, ne'er touched before by sadness,
A deep sigh gave.

Then, like a wail, began its mournful tolling
The ship's low bell;
The waves e'en seemed to sorrow, onward rolling
With softer swell.

We stood with folded hands and heads uncovered,
Before the dead;
The albatross above the vessel hovered,
As the priest read.

Oh! didst thou hear those solemn words, thou ocean,
Making low moan?
Thou azure sepulchre, with murmuring motion,
Asking thine own!

The clay to thy cold keeping must be given,
The soul above;
But one had died to save him—pity, Heaven,
That heart of love!

How would she weep when told the mournful story!
Her darling brave,
Not slain in fight, and giv'n a wreath of glory,
But this sad grave.

We lowered him slowly, gently to the billow;
  We gazed once more;
Sleep, much-loved comrade, sleep on thy cold pillow!
  One splash—'twas o'er.

Thus to the depths mysterious we committed
  The mother's pride;
The waves above him swept, the sea-bird flitted,
  And low winds sighed.

On ocean's verge the broad, flushed sun was resting,
  Twilight brought balm,
Beauty, solemnity, the scene investing
  With holiest calm.

There let him slumber far from gentle weepers,
  In coral caves,
Till the last trumpet calls the long, long sleepers
  From their sea-graves.

A VISION OF WAR AND PEACE.

PART I.

WAR.

THE trembling ground was cleft asunder,
And midst low-rolling, sullen thunder,
And sulphurous smoke, and tongues of darting flame,
Which from that gaping hell-mouth thickly came,

In grisly majesty, and pomp, and dread,
A fierce, but stately form upreared his head.

Come, glory ! bring thy crown,
Softening the demon's frown,
Place it upon his flashing, hideous brow,
Hail him a mighty hero now !
Give him the tempered brand,
The glittering, keen-edged brand,
Its ray shall light the land;
The brazen trumpet blow !
Its notes are death and woe;
Beat, beat the echoing drum !
Think not of ills to come,
But send him forth to slay,
To spread despair, dismay;
His mission is to slaughter,
Till blood flows 'round like water.
Renown his deeds so gory,
Shall blazon long in story;
He comes to right man's wrong,
But smiles upon the strong;
Reason to him must yield,
His justice-court the field.
Mad passions urge him still,
Satan hath taught him skill
To mould new weapons that shall sweep
  Men to their graves most speedily;
  His science longs most greedily
The keys to find and keep,
Opening death's widest door,
Through which most souls shall pour,

In briefest time to Hades' gloom;
O misery's lord! great vampire of the tomb!

And so War's demon rises from below,
Girt by unnumbered forms of ill and woe;
Half shade, half flame, those spirits 'round him dance;
Some, like dire Furies, toss their snaky hair,
And some with tears and bursting sighs advance,
And some look stone despair.
Havoc surveys in dreams his bleeding heaps,
Where bravery, ne'er to waken, sleeps;
He hears the groaning of the dying,
Music to him their fruitless sighing.
Ruin, exultant, looketh down
On burning village, plundered town,
Art, industry, all crushed and dead
Beneath the war-fiend's iron tread.
Gaunt, staring Famine piteous stands,
With shrunken limb, and bony hands,
While Desolation sadly walks,
And Pestilence with blue lips stalks;
Bereavement looks unto the skies
With breaking heart and tearful eyes;
She sees the mother weeping for her son,
Prop of her age, her only son,
Whose gallant course so soon is run.
She sees the wife whose days had known no gloom,
Swooning to learn her husband's bloody doom,
Laid by hard, pitiless War on earth's cold breast,
His pallid cheek unkissed, his hand unpressed,
While little ones, now orphans, hang their heads,
Weeping, because sad tears their mother sheds.

She sees the once blithe maid,
Who merrily at morning sang,
As if to match the lark her lips essayed,
Whose laughter in the village rang—
Sees her low-bending, like a broken spray,
Sobbing in bitterness her heart away:
No altar now, no wedding bells,
Dark guest of death, the loved one dwells;
No more his gay familiar voice
Shall make her fluttering heart rejoice;
The turf is crimson where he lies,
Closed, closed for ever those dear eyes:
And so she sits like some crushed broken spray,
Sobbing in bitterness her heart away.

Such are the spirits 'round thee, Monster war!
As on thou dashest in thy trophied car;
All the pale miseries, tortures, form thy train,
As death makes wet thy path with crimson rain;
Yet men rush after thee with hearts of flame,
Panting for glory, and the conqueror's fame,
Heeding not all the blood, and all the tears,
The desolation sighing down the years,
And all the crushing woes since woe began,
Which thy mad course hath heaped on suffering man.

Part II.

PEACE.

She comes! she comes! descending light,
Midst circling clouds all silver-bright;
Her dove-soft wings late spread in pride,
Closed gently by her shining side;
An olive-branch her hand doth bear,
A single lily decks her hair,
Those tresses down her shoulders rolled,
A cataract of wavy gold.
Her eyes beam tenderest blue,
With love steeped through and through;
Her feet, all soft as snow,
Come down where violets blow;
Her cheek, where dimples play,
Glows rich as opening day.
Around her music rings,
Larks trill on joyous wings,
Or some near seraph sings.
And now she treads the ground,
With step that wakes no sound;
She smiles out soul, that smile
Beams magic to beguile
Old earth of all its care,
Sends far away despair,
And brings back Eden there.

O angel Peace! and do we gaze on thee,
While demon War, and all his spectres flee?
Beautiful creature! come from bowers above,
With looks of mercy, and with voice of love!

A thing of light, thou trippest gaily by,
Hope, goodness, virtue, beaming in thine eye,
Restoring verdure to scathed hill and glade,
Healing the wounds that cruel War had made,
Taking the widow, orphan, by the hand,
And flashing sunshine over all the land.

Thou glidest forward; crowding 'round thee soon,
Like honied bees round flowers in June,
Benevolent forms are seen,
Some joyous, some serene;
Some lovely as a vision,
A shining dream Elysian;
These laughing in sweet mirth,
Those beaming radiant worth;
Others with thought-deep eyes,
Calm looking on the skies;
All, all, kind, beautiful, or proud,
Dear angel, Peace! around thee crowd.

Up! Industry awakes,
And, at thy glance, the ploughshare takes;
No longer steeped with gory rain,
The fields shall wave with russet grain:
Above the city spread thy wings,
And white-cheeked Famine steals away,
And Commerce hums, and Music rings,
And Art his glittering treasure brings,
And man, as Heaven designed, is gay.

Where'er thy presence, Peace, we find,
Brute force doth yield to nobler mind,

And Progress rears her banner-high,
With forward step and ardent eye;
And Civilisation sows her seeds,
Uprooting Cruelty's dark weeds,
While Science, fostered by thy care,
Earth's wonders, like a god, lays bare:
Learning, too, climbs his lofty hill,
And Justice calmly righteth wrong,
And Painting plies her magic skill,
And Genius wakes his golden song;
While Love her arms will open wide,
Like circles on a lake's smooth tide;
And wider, till those arms embrace,
As kindred, all the human race.

O blessèd Peace! when thus we see thee bring,
In thy bright train, each lovely, joyous thing,
Turning the waste to Eden, and mind's powers
Unfolding with thy beams, like summer flowers,
How can we woo the demon War, whose spell
Changes awhile our beauteous world to hell?
How think by slaughtering man, man's wrongs to heal,
And, working others' misery, joy to feel?
And how urge Progress to perfection's goal,
By causing ruin, blasting works of soul?
Humanity and Justice! from yon skies,
Descend! descend! and open mortals' eyes!
Kneel to bright Peace—child, too, of heavenly birth,
Build strong her throne, and hail her queen of earth!
Then savage tribe with tribe shall strive no more,
And Christians cease to water earth with gore;

Then mind will rule, and plenty crown the sod,
Nor dark clouds veil the golden smiles of God;
Virtue, good-will, shall bid the heart rejoice,
Their heavenly speech for cannon's dreadful voice,
And our bright star, Elysian hours begun,
Shall, jubilant and blest, go singing round the sun.

CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

A SMALL lamp lit the cell;
Palely upon her iron bed,
Palely upon her drooping head,
Its sickly quiverings fell;
The silent watchers sat apart,
What passed in that poor bleeding heart,
Their cold hearts could not tell.

She looked, how pallid there!
Not starting, sighing, weeping now,
That quiet anguish on her brow,
Was written by despair.
Ah, me! despite a governed breast,
Seeming awhile in placid rest,
What torture soul may bear!

Her locks were backward thrown;
Relieving tears refused to flow,
All drunk by her great thirsty woe;
She seemed transformed to stone;

Save that at times her white lips quivered,
And her limbs feebly, coldly shivered,
And burst a low, sad moan.

Condemned to death—how near
The fatal, terrible to-morrow!
'Twould end her agony and sorrow,
Yet, Oh! how fraught with fear!
She counted—mind's foretorturing hell—
Hours, minutes, till the awful bell
Deep sounded in her ear.

Condemned to death—dear Heaven!
Thou know'st she fondly loved her child,
But vain with shame, with anguish wild,
Her breaking heart had striven:
By woman's pride, by woman's love,
A tigress, yet a tender dove,
To frenzy was she driven.

Condemned to death—Oh, dread
Her coming doom!—The scaffold there
Seems black to stand in Morning's air;
Horror bows low her head:
They lead her up, and she must die,
None there to breathe a pitying sigh,
The prison-stones her bed.

Thus on her end to think,
Well may the dews of anguish now
Hang bead-like on her straining brow—
Well may her spirit shrink:

'Tis hard in youth to yield our breath;
To die in thought is double death,
Shivering on fate's dread brink.

What hears she?—a slight sound;
Opens the cell's dark, creaking door—
Bright eyes—a word, and nothing more—
Quickly she gazes 'round,
Then wildly flings her arms on high,
And, with a sharp, a rapturous cry,
Falls swooning to the ground.

Life! life!—bless Heaven for this!
To walk abroad, sweet pardon won,
To gaze again on God's bright sun,
And feel the wind's soft kiss;
To meet loved eyes where pity glows,
And hear kind words to soothe her woes—
Life! life! O bliss of bliss!

THE SEASON OF YOUTH.

AN ODE.

Youth, sweet maiden youth!
When time flies with angel-wings,
And gush brightly fancy's springs;
Jubilant hour of body's health,
Strength and freshness passing wealth;
When the step is fairy lightness,
And the eyes are dewy brightness,

Eyes, the gay soul's starry dwelling,
Smiling, sparkling,
Never darkling,
Still of hope and pleasure telling.
When the brow no care discloses,
And the cheeks are softest roses,
Where the dimple plays for ever,
But sad tears will wander never;
When the lip, so wreathed and merry,
In its redness mocks the cherry,
And the hair, so glossy, bright,
Shineth like a crown of light,
Or in rolled-up mass appears,
No gray line betraying years:
When, dark colouring all unknown,
Life-scenes take their richest tone,
And the breast will melt to woe,
Or with warmest rapture glow;
And all pastimes yield a joy,
Nought to weary, nought to cloy.
Oh, delightful, maiden youth!
Time to return no more,
With its rich golden store,
Happy, buoyant, envied youth!

Beautiful season of glad dreams!
When the far-beckoning future seems
Not dark and lowering, but with sky
Softly cerulean, while a bow
Spans every cloud, and still on high
Gleam suns with summer glow:

When, in the opening path of life,
Bristles no thorn of woe or strife,
But roses strew the way,
Each vista green and gay,
With music of hope's birds for ever ringing,
And fancy's fairies sweetly singing,
While pleasures on each side, with radiant eyes,
Promise a lasting paradise.

Youth, delighted, ardent youth!
All-to-gold transmuting youth!
Likening that precious stone the sages
Have vainly sought through darkling ages;
For all things youth's glad eyes behold,
Whether wing'd, smiling love,
Fair scenes below, above,
All by sweet magic turn to gold.
No discords find their jarring way
To mar in youth life's dulcet lay:
No thoughts of coming weary years,
Of trials, hard experience, tears,
Enter the palace of the brain,
That airy, happy, bright domain.
Dear spring-time of the soul, all joy and bloom!
Youth, heeding not far age's cold and gloom,
Feasting on delicate and odorous flowers,
That deck life's green luxurious bowers!
Youth, warm, gleesome, bounding youth!
Time to return no more,
With its rich golden store,
Oh, happy, blessèd youth!

Maiden with the beaming face,
Laughing eyes, and form of grace,
On whose lip no sigh is heard,
Blithesome as an April bird,
Moving in the glittering dance,
Like a white cloud, to and fro,
With good temper in each glance,
With thy young cheeks all a-glow;
I do blame thee not, fair creature;
When I view each lovely feature,
When I see the joys that rise,
Sparkling in thy violet eyes,
Heightening all thy budding charms,
Leaning thus in pleasure's arms,
I but think of that bright day,
When my soul, like thine, was gay;
I but blessings breathe upon thee;
May Time's hand rest lightly on thee!
May no grief heart's blossoms blight!
Mayst thou draw from love delight!
Take thy guileless pastimes now,
While youth's roses deck thy brow;
Grace, and beauty that endears,
Oft will crown maturer years,
Yet, back-gazing, still I cry,
As the joy-winged moments fly—
Envied season, hopeful youth!
Time to return no more,
With its rich golden store,
Oh, happy, blessèd youth!

THE YOUNG TOILER.

Fashion was lounging in the street,
A busy, brilliant place,
Where glided forms of grace,
And laughing faces did bright faces meet.
Chariots were dashing to and fro;
What cared those hearts for others' woe?
Roses and tulips in the Spring,
Insects most bright when on the wing,
Likened the dresses, rich and rare,
Of gay-soul'd Beauty flaunting there.

The hum spread far, the hum rose high,
And reached a casement small,
Pierced in the lofty wall;
Hark to that murmur! 'tis a maiden's sigh:
A lovely Summer afternoon;
What doth she here in busy June,
When she should sit in rooms below,
And toil on garments for the show
Of smiling Beauties in that street,
Or when in glittering halls they meet?

A pallet in a corner stands;
A maiden lieth there,
How fragile and how fair,
A faded flower within her drooping hands!

Her large eyes with consumption bright,
Her fair hair loose, like threads of light,
Her wasted cheeks, amid whose snow
Small spots of crimson fluttering glow—
Dear Heaven, 'tis pitiful to see
That maid in her last misery!

Sweet wreck of girlhood! she who late
With village children played,
Singing beneath the shade,
Blithe as a bird in Spring, beside his mate;
Gathering at Morning's rosy hours,
Rosy as they, wild dewy flowers,
And tossing, in bright merry May,
With merrier laugh, the fragrant hay,
Dancing gaily, tripping fleet,
Music in her nimble feet.

Poor stricken one! how sadly now
She lies on that small bed,
Death's pallor o'er her spread,
Powerless her form, and marble-white her brow.
She listens, murmuring, swelling high,
The rush of chariots rolling by,
The hum of crowds—Oh, what that maid
To those in dazzling pride arrayed?
She dies that Beauty, shining there,
May conquests make, and look more fair.

A fluttering, feeble smile now plays
Across her wan, thin face,
Lighting up former grace;
So fall on snow-banks Winter's sickly rays.

The flower she holds wakes pleasing dreams
Of village-life, of hills and streams;
Proof how small things can raise a train
Of sweetest mem'ries chasing pain;
Toils, woes, are all forgotten now,
And smiles her lip, and glows her brow.

Home to the dying far away—
How blest the vision shines!
Thus toilers in deep mines
Look up, and drink in thought the golden day.
Kissing that faded flower again,
She treads in fancy mead and glen,
Sings with the birds, and in blithe May
Tosses once more the fragrant hay,
The street's dull noise, each sound that swells,
Lost in the chime of village-bells.

Come quietly to that small room,
Come quietly, O death!
And steal her gentle breath,
And place the martyr in her early tomb.
Dear, weary one! thy tasks are done,
Close thy tired eyes upon the sun;
Dear, weary one! sink back to rest,
No work-shop earth's green, tranquil breast;
Toil cannot reach that peaceful spot,
Thy griefs, thy needle, there forgot.

THE CITY AND COUNTRY BELLS.

A PEAL of London bells—
Bursting through the dusty air,
And the smoke thick-rising there—
Smoke o'er myriad chimneys curling,
Like a huge black flag unfurling,
Blotting God's blue open sky,
Till the sun doth look on high
Dullest globe of sickly brown,
Shooting no beam-glory down.
And still it swells,
That peal of city-bells,
O'er a maze of houses swinging,
In the close courts echoing, ringing,
Mingling with the sea-like hum
Of crowd-masses never dumb:
Sounds, like some slow memory, creeping,
Sounds, strong whirpools, eddying, sweeping,
Rolling harshly from the spire,
Lifted there like some grand lyre,
Sending forth its clangorous ditty
O'er the unregarding city.

Still it swells,
That peal of jangling bells,
All along the ship-full river,
With a heavy, muffled quiver,
Lingering, echoing dully back,
From bridge-arches old and black;
Hoarsely clanging as in pain,
Torture in the wild refrain.
But those strong and brazen notes,
As the crashing music floats,
Cannot drown the shouts of men,
Toiling in life's busy den;
Nor the waggon's heavy creaking,
Nor the frequent shrilly shrieking,
Where the carriage, onward rushing,
Passes some poor victim o'er—
Cannot, spite of all their gushing,
Charm to quiet that mad crushing,
That wide, endless, city-roar.

A peal of Country bells
In liquid softness swells,
From some ancient ivied tower,
At the purple Evening hour,
Through the air of sweetest balm,
Like sky-music gliding, swinging,
Like a deep-voiced seraph singing,
Like a holy-murmured psalm.
Up the poplared vale it goes,
Down the river as it flows,
Gently floating, rising, falling,
To the near hills softly calling,

Whispering its melodious chime,
Giving velvet feet to time.
Sweet and solemn as the peal
O'er the thoughtful heart will steal,
It doth open memory's door,
Through which tenderest musings pour,
And bright hours, long past away,
Flash again their faded ray,
While the dear ones death has taken,
Seem at fancy's call to waken,
And the love of other years
Warms our hearts, and melts to tears.

That peal of Country bells
A tongue of silver swells,
O'er the woods, till branchy trees,
As they pulsate in the breeze,
Pierced by bell-notes through and through,
Seem as breathing music too.
Past the hamlet it is stealing,
And the maidens listening there,
Show upon their faces fair,
Sobered thought and melted feeling:
Children look into the sky,
For that peal which murmurs by,
Thinking, all so soft the ringing,
Angels in the clouds are singing;
And old age, that totters slow,
Faintly smiles upon his way,
As his musings backward flow,
To the sweet peal long ago,
Ringing on his marriage-day.

Such the bells that strive to pour
Music through the city's roar;
Such the country's mellow bells,
O'er the hills their falls and swells,
Sounds that pleasure, balm, impart,
Gentle music of the heart.

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY BEAUTIES.

Lounging all the morning, dreaming
Over fiction's witching page;
Interest in her dark eyes beaming,
Fancied woes her heart engage.

Then abroad when fashion streameth,
In gay marts she shines an hour,
Choosing what rich dress beseemeth
That young form, to aid its power.

In the Park where steeds are prancing,
See her curb her own so bold;
Habit sweeping, eyes bright-glancing,
Hat on locks of sunny gold.

Now where voices sweet are gushing,
As if seraphs dropped below,
Charmed she listens, cheek soft-flushing,
And her jewels all a-glow.

Or in halls of pride and splendour,
Slow she moves, and lights the scene;
Dazzling lamps more dazzling render
Beauty's stately, peerless queen.

Then she dances, graceful, swimming,
Soft, rich cloud her robes of white;
Sure her heart with bliss is brimming,
Maid so envied, star so bright.

O'er that ball-joy, on her pillow,
Pale and wearied, now she sinks,
But her bosom—restless billow—
Knows not sleep; it aches and thinks.

Country Beauty—freshly blowing,
Morning's roses prank the sky;
Up—her cheek as fresh is glowing,
And as bright her clear blue eye.

With gay step and sun-lit tresses,
Out she trips where flowrets shine;
And her heart earth's glory blesses,
Drinking fragrance—Nature's wine.

Now she stays where boughs are sighing,
Near the dashing waterfall;
Round her birds are chirping, flying,
Gathering at her well-known call.

Noon upon the hamlet sleepeth;
See her there among the poor,
Soothing many a heart that weepeth,
Like a sunbeam at each door.

Eve in crimson drapes the mountain,
Warms the rose-decked, ancient pile,
Turns to gold the garden fountain,
Earth and sky one peaceful smile.

Hark! her pure, sweet song is swelling,
Each entrancing, liquid note,
Bosom-thanks for mercies telling—
Sounds that up, like incense, float.

Virtue forms her robe of splendour,
Jewels—see her sparkling eyes!
Fancy scarce might lovelier render
New-born Eve in paradise.

Spirits kind, to earth descending,
From each harm that maiden keep,
And, above her pillow bending,
Kiss her into balmy sleep.

A LONDON FIRE.

A WAVY, flickering glow
Reddens a room below;
It widens, brightens, quickly mounting higher;
A cry is in the street—'tis fire! 'tis fire!
That cry—a startling sound,
On swift wings spreads around;
It tingles in the ears;
It stirs the blood of men, and rouses woman's fears:
It saddens, while it maddens,
But Havoc's heart it gladdens;
For Havoc loveth fire,
And all things wild and dire;
Her lean arms tossing high,
While night now palls the sky,
She aids the thrilling cry—
The dreadful cry of fire!

They're coming, hurrying with swift rush along,
The wild, tumultuous, eager throng:
For men still feel a breathless, fierce delight,
In witnessing some dreadful sight.
With beating hearts and rapid feet,
Those crowds pour down each neighbouring street;
And soon, a close-wedged mass,
Through which no more can pass,
They gaze upon the fire:

Oh, spectacle exciting,
Their upraised faces lighting;
They watch the hissing fire!

The engines swiftly speed, the strong helm'd men
Gaze steadily upon the deepening glow;
Behind them shouts of—fire! are raised again;
Time's preciousness the well-trained horses know;
They tear along with clattering heels,
Scarce seen the spokes of those quick-turning wheels;
Smooth streets they sweep, then o'er the stones they rattle,
Intent with yon dread foe to battle—
The strengthening, raging fire—
The foe whose fierce artillery
Hath wind for an auxiliary;
Whose swords are flames outspringing,
Dire flames destruction bringing,
Far-gleaming, wasting, sweeping,
Their hot course onward keeping—
O fire! terrific fire!

High thro' the air the water-jets are thrown,
And men are labouring as for life,
Striving in honourable strife,
To dash the fire-god from his throne.
But vain their efforts, vain their skill,
The flames shoot out, rush upwards still,
Like serpents hissing, darting,
'Round rafter and thick beam,
Their crimson tongues fierce-starting
From throats that redly gleam;

Thro' shivered windows pouring,
Surging and under-roaring,
And high in air aspiring,
With energy untiring,
While sparks around are flying,
Like mockery and defying;
O furious, dreadful fire!
With a blaze that lights the city,
Waking wonder, terror, pity;
Edging towers with crimson gloss,
Glistening on St. Paul's high cross;
Light for many a league out-throwing,
Setting heaven's high clouds a-glowing.

A cry, a cry, of pain and fear,
Sharp and piteous, thrills the ear!
A woman at a window high above—
Save her in mercy and in love!
Thickly the rolling smoke has bound her,
Thickly the flames are wreathing 'round her.
She shrieks, she faints, she falls!
The sight each heart appalls;
Then up a brave man springs,
Resolve hath lent him wings—
Up the thin ladder's height,
He bounds with arrow's flight,
And passes from their sight.
But soon, mid dust and flame,
He comes—they shout his name;
He comes—he brings the maid,
On his strong shoulder laid;

Down the long ladder's stairs,
The rescued one he bears;
Then plaudits, cheers, arise
  Above the flames' wild roaring,
  The flames that now are soaring,
Like columns, to the skies:—
Wide splashing, hissing, rushing,
Water in cataracts gushing,
But makes them blaze the more,
With madder, fiercer roar;
But makes them leap the higher,
O fearful, deadly fire!
No agent Nature keepeth
To quicker ruin sweepeth;
No element hath ire,
Like thee, O furious fire!
Raging, consuming fire!
Like thee, O mighty fire!

PROGRESS.

Progress! progress! all things cry;
  Progress, Nature's golden rule;
Nothing tarries 'neath the sky;
  Learn in Nature's wondrous school:

Earth from chaos sprang sublime,
  Broad-armed oaks from acorns grow;
Insects, labouring, build in time
  Mighty islands from below:
Press we on thro' good and ill,
Progress be our watchword still!

Rough may be the mountain-road
  Leading to the heights of Mind;
Climb, and reach Truth's bright abode,
  Dull the souls that grope behind.
Science, learning, yield their prize,
  Faint not in the noble chase,
He who aims not to be wise,
  Sinks unworthy of his race:
He who fights shall vanquish ill;
Progress be our watchword still!

Broad the tract that lies before us,
  Never mourn the days of old,
Sighs will not tombed years restore us,
  Past is iron—future gold!
Savage! learn till civilised;
  Slave! your fetters shake till free;
Hearts that struggle, souls despised!
  Work your own high destiny:
All things yield to steadfast will,
Progress be our watchword still!

Onward! Orient nations know
  Nothing of that magic word;
'Tis the trump that giants blow,
  'Tis the spirit's conquering sword!

'Tis the electric, mystic fire
  Which should flash around the earth,
Making every heart a wire—
  'Tis a word of heavenly birth:
Onward! at the sound we thrill;
Progress be our watchword still.

THE FRENCH OFFICER'S DAUGHTER.

[After the battle of Woerth, one of the most sanguinary actions during the Franco-Prussian war, a French captain was found among the dead with a letter crisped up in his hand; it was from his daughter, a child; it expressed deep affection, and great sorrow at his absence, and hoped that he would soon return and embrace her, and console her mother.]

He held it in his hand;
For he had plucked it from his bleeding breast,
  As dying on the crimson field he lay,
And the small missive to his lips he pressed,
  Calling up thoughts of dear ones far away.

He held it in his hand;
And though the fight raged on—a tumult dire—
  The rush of squadrons—volleys—shouts and cries,
The boom of cannon, whizzing balls, and fire,
  Still on that paper fixed his glazing eyes.

He held it in his hand;
His child's fond letter from her distant home;
It breathed of warm remembrance, purest love,
And grief that asked him back—up yon blue dome,
There only should they meet—in lands above.

He held it in his hand;
Blood flowed from mortal wounds—he felt them not;
Thought from that field of horror flew away;
He saw a tranquil picture—one dear spot,
And his unconscious child at blithesome play.

It trembled in his hand;
She too was there, his young, loved, faithful wife,
Who sent him forth to glory, hoping soon
To hail him back, victorious from the strife—
Alas! how all was changed in one brief moon!

It trembled in his hand;
He saw no ghastly heaps of dead around,
But only those loved forms; the cannon's roar
Was lost in their dear voices' gentle sound,
And in sweet thought he clasped them both once more.

He crushed it in his hand;
The brave who faced stern death; who shook his sword
In danger's crimson front, and mocked at fears,
That vision all unnerved; the blood which poured
Down his scarr'd cheeks, was mingled now with tears.

His hand sank slowly down;
He felt his end approaching; France! loved France!
But what to him lost glory that sad hour?
He saw a small, sweet face, a sunny glance—
Farewell, poor innocent!—his pearl, his flower!

He grasped it feebly now,
Sinking upon his elbow, low, more low;
Death came in faintness; now he smiled, then sighed—
"Heaven shield the fatherless, and soothe her woe!"
Once more he fondly kissed it—kissed, and died.

THE COUNTRY GIRL IN LONDON.

She left the wooded valleys,
The streams that babbled mirth;
She left the garden's alleys,
And flowers, bright stars of earth:
She left the old church peeping
Among the village trees,
No more to hear the sweeping
Bell-music on the breeze;
She trusted joy's bright dreaming
And hoped a brilliant fate;
His love was but love's seeming,
The mask fell off too late.

The night was dark and dreary,
Winds bitter as her woe:
She wandered weary, weary,
The long streets to and fro:

Spurned and cast off for ever,
No friend, no helper nigh—
Return in shame? Ah! never—
Here better sink and die.
And so the lost one wandered,
Through London's wildering mart,
And deeply, sadly pondered—
God help that breaking heart!

The wintry rain was falling,
No house would shelter give;
Then to a door-step crawling—
For even *she* would live;
To a cold door-step crawling,
Timid she sat her down,
One dear name faintly calling,
Till sobs that name would drown:
Yes, he was dear, though cruel;
Though false, she loved him still;
Suffering to love was fuel,
Burning through good and ill.

The blast was rudely blowing,
Sleet driving through the night;
Within, warm fires were glowing,
And laughter echoed light;
She drew her limbs up shivering,
Folding her little hands,
Her lip with anguish quivering:
A form beside her stands;

He bade her cease her sobbing,
Nor in that shelter stay;
He thrust her, and, heart throbbing,
She turned in fear away.

To beg for Nature's needing,
Struggling, she bowed her pride;
Her poor worn feet were bleeding,
But tears she strove to hide:
The great shops now were closing,
Closing on longed-for bread;
Soon honest Toil, reposing,
Would press his welcome bed;
A workhouse-gate was near her—
Entrance she begged in vain:
"Too late"—they would not hear her—
So forth she passed again.

On, on, more weary, creeping,
On, on, more hopeless, sad;
Feeling the cold blast sweeping,
In her thin garments clad;
She reached an archway lonely,
Beneath the iron road;
There would she hide; God only
Knew her grief's bitter load.
There would she, unmolested,
Crouch till kind morning rose,
Till her poor limbs were rested,
Calm thinking on her woes.

Against the cold stones leaning,
  Dragging the slow, slow hours,
The arch but badly screening
  From driving, drenching showers,
She passed the time, now weeping,
  Now gazing through the dim,
Her tattered dress close-keeping,
  To warm her numbing limb:
She moaned but seldom, stooping
  Her face upon her breast,
Her thin white hands low drooping—
  She would, but could not, rest.

A torpor now oppressed her,
  Feebly she drew her breath;
It was not sleep which blessed her;
  Was it slow-coming death?
And yet her lip was smiling;
  Heart's light on darkness stole:
Dear fancy was beguiling
  The dying maiden's soul.
O Fancy! thy swift pinion
  Can pass the gulf of pain,
And, 'neath thy bright dominion,
  Lost bliss once more we gain.

She saw her native village,
  Far from vast London town,
The fields prepared for tillage,
  The old elms nodding down;

She saw the dear green garden
  She played in when a child,
Ere sin her heart could harden;
  She felt the zephyrs mild;
And birds were round her singing,
  The flowers all blooming fair,
And village bells were ringing
  Soft joy on evening's air.

A chorus of sweet voices—
  Her sisters are at play,
And 'mid them she rejoices,
  Gay-soul'd and glad as they;
And on one breast she's leaning;
  A mother's arms embrace;
She reads a tender meaning
  In that forgiving face—
'Twas gone—the maiden started—
  The arch, cold arch of stone—
The picture had departed;
  Alone—again alone!

Alone—and she was dying;
  Her cheek was white and cold;
To God she now was sighing,
  To Him her sins were told:
Her little feet were chilling,
  Her eyes had lost their ray,
With life's last tears now filling;
  She knelt and strove to pray:

"God, pardon!" slowly drooping,
The wronged, the lost one sighed,
And then, her forehead stooping,
She hid her face and died.

OCEAN'S CHANGES.

GENTLE deep!
With thy placid, shining breast,
Like an infant's taking rest,
In the cradle of the world;
When each tiny wave is curled,
Like the locks which, smooth and bright,
Deck that infant's brow of light.
When along the burnished tide,
White-winged vessels mirrored glide,
And the clouds, small fleeces, glow
On the emerald fields below,
Lambs of heaven, like softest snow.

Merry deep!
When morn's sparkle on thee lies,
Bright as flash in beauty's eyes,
As all frolic, joy, she seems
Waking up from blissful dreams;
When thy waves on pebbles bound,
With a running, silvery sound,

Bubbling, gurgling, at our feet,
Like young laughter soft and sweet.
When thou claspest white-shored isles,
With a thousand gleeful smiles,
Little sportive billows dancing,
Falling back, and then advancing,
While the great sun sends his beams
Down in joyous golden streams,
Cheering up thy visage hoary,
Brightening all thy depths with glory.

Mournful deep!
With night's shadows coming down,
Nature's wide-spread, silent frown,
Stars upon thee dimly shining;
Mighty monster, still repining,
In thy pain and dark unrest,
Something locked in thy proud breast,
Breathing of deep sadness,
Banishing our gladness;
Moaning on the glimmering shore,
In a sullen, under roar;
Waves still heaving, ever breaking,
A mysterious language speaking.
Oh, melancholy-sounding sea!
A hollow voice from past eternity,
Telling us of the years for ever fled,
Like a great bell deep-tolling in thy bed,
Along the depths slow-swinging, booming, sighing
For something in surrounding Nature dying;
What dies we know not, yet unto our souls
Sadly that fancied bell for ever tolls.

Cruel deep!
When the storm his vengeance takes,
Thy mad passion too awakes;
Then no fury from below,
Bent on spreading death and woe,
Fiery scorpions round her brow,
Is more terrible than thou.
See! thy waves are raging, roaring,
Eager round the vessel pouring;
Now upswelling like a mountain,
Boiling now like some vast fountain,
Opening then as if to swallow,
In that whirling, ghastly hollow,
Poor humanity that shivers,
As the doomed ship rocks and quivers—
Quivers, trembling, plunging, reeling,
Quivers as instinct with feeling.
Now thou send'st that bark on high,
Now into the white abyss,
Mocking seamen's agony,
With thy fiendish hiss.
Prayers to thee are no avail,
Nought thou heed'st the victim's wail;
Down to gulfs, down whirling, where
Death is sitting with despair;
Down from daylight into dark,
Watched by horror, sinks the bark;
Swells one thrilling, drowning cry,
Then the billows leap on high,
Fierce exulting as they boom
O'er the seaman's stormy tomb.—

Hungry, pitiless, murderous sea!
Oh, what wild shrieks hath terror sent o'er thee!
How many millions, dead,
Lie waiting in thy oozy bed,
Till the last trumpet sound, and death no more
Shall revel mid thy rage, and maddening roar!

THE PRESENT HOUR.

The present hour—small fragment, speck of time!
What human joy, what agony, what crime,
It doth condense!—thought terrible, sublime!

This hour to us how brief! yet, while 'tis flying,
Earthquakes may shake far lands, towns ruins lying;
Thousands to life are springing, thousands dying.

What multitudes this moment feast and drink,
Or lightly tread the dance, nor pause to think!
What multitudes shed tears, or, starving, sink!

On couches soft, while lamps above them shine,
How many in luxurious rooms recline,
Listening to love's sweet voice, and airs divine!

How many the same instant on the wave
Are tost by storms! they shriek, but none can save,
And, shrieking, sink in ocean's greedy grave.

What virtuous spirits sorrow, wrong'd, oppress'd!
What hearts, long parted, meet, supremely blest!
What bitter, sad farewells wring many a breast!

E'en as these pulses beat, how many a sigh
Of pity melts around! how many an eye
Is raised in meek devotion to the sky!

E'en as these pulses beat, the murderer steals
On his hushed way—his deadly thought conceals—
He crouches, springs, the stroke of horror deals!

Ring out, this hour, a thousand marriage-bells,
Joy's revelry for thousand christenings swells,
Toll mournfully a thousand funeral knells.

What countless lovers whisper, 'neath the shade,
Eternal truth—alas! for many a maid!
Unnumbered hearts are breaking, love-betrayed!

What floods and fires are raging, as we lean
In calmness here! while, startling heaven's serene,
War's thunder now may burst on many a scene!

O'er desert moors what houseless wretches wend!
From beds of anguish what sad groans ascend!
What mothers o'er their dying offspring bend!

All this, all this, while a few moments fly;
Moments so full of fate, to heaven that cry,
Charged with all passions—bliss and misery!

We talk, feast, laugh, enjoy the sun's glad light,
But little dream what scenes, the dark, the bright,
Are crowded in one hour's eventful flight.

HYMN TO THE RISING SUN.

HAIL! bridegroom of creation, never old!
Shake off thy sleep, thy curtained brow unfold,
Put on thy vests of purple and of gold.

Rise from thy couch behind the Orient hill,
Shoot thy beam-shafts, and heaven with splendour fill,
A god, a god, in power and beauty still!

Ocean beholds thee, and affrighted Night
Flies the blue waves, the sands turn jewels bright,
The billows sparkling, leaping in delight.

The vales and mountains, welcome! welcome! cry,
To see thee like a giant climb the sky,
Vigour and life wide-flashing from thine eye.

Man's sense rejoices, and his frame acquires
New freshness, strength, with thy rekindled fires,
And grateful soul in sympathy aspires.

All Nature feels thy influence, king of light!
Each beam a blessing, whether flashed in might,
Or gently stealing down the infinite.

The little flower that all the night had kept
Its petals closed, and in chill shadow slept,
Moist with the tears its eyes of beauty wept:

Thrilled by the ardour of thy piercing ray,
Expands its bosom, shakes grief-drops away,
And laughs in joy to front the jocund day.

Thy beams reach tenderly the lark's low nest,
Where 'neath the stars soft mosses he had prest;
Opening his diamond eye, he starts from rest.

Up, like a mounting thought, or arrow's flight,
He shoots in glowing air, till lost to sight,
But rains down music from that blinding height.

O sun! there's nothing in wide earth or sky
But blesses thee; thou wakest, far and nigh,
The eternal chords of sweet-link'd harmony.

Hail! world-reviving, all-embracing sphere!
Burning but unconsumed, thy great career
Passing in splendour all things splendid here.

How terrible yet beautiful art thou,
Power throned on thy unchanging, mighty brow,
To which the circling worlds obedient bow.

Great minister of God! mysterious sun!
Will e'er thy beams die out, thy mission done?
Will the worlds need thee when Time's course is run?

We know not, dazzling glory! what thy doom,
Yet, reft of thee, yon skies to us were gloom,
And Death would turn quick Nature to a tomb.

Then hail, thrice hail! thou eldest born of Time!
Walking the heavens as in thy golden prime,
Fountain of life! God's emblem most sublime!

Dispensing good, still in our centre blaze!
Let glad Creation, basking in thy rays,
Clap her exulting hands, and hymn thy praise.

THE FUNERAL OF A GREAT MAN.

A SCENE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Toll out, ye booming bells,
Your deepest and most solemn knells!
  Abbey! receive another guest!
    Open, ye doors, and let him sleep
    In pomp serene and deep,
  Where Fox and Canning from their labours rest!
And others famed in story—
    King, poet, priest, and sage,
    Gathered from many an age,
Flash from their very dust a deathless glory.

Who are the great of earth?
Not they who draw the red, aggressive sword,
And leave upon the world their trail of gore,
Who to their fellow men no love accord,
Still casting down what others raised before.—
Who are the great of earth?
Not they who at the shrine of Mammon bend,
And dedicate their energies and years
To heaping sordid gold—their being's end,
The source of all their joys, and dreams, and fears.

The great are they who consecrate their powers
To learning, progress, and their country's weal;
Who, tho' they err as mortals, scatter flowers
Of good around, all honest in their zeal—
These are the great of earth!—

And thou wast great, around whose bier
Prince, Prelate, Noble, gather here;
The foremost senator of modern time,
Whose name thro' England, and each distant clime,
Hath echoed, proudly echoed, for long years;
Now by thy grave we meet, to shed our tears.

They bear the coffin onward slow,
In pomp becoming his estate;
The organ peals grand notes of woe,
Yet solemn as a dirge of fate;
And voices now, melodious, rich, are swelling,
Of immortality and glory telling;

The strain peals heavenward, as upborne on wings,
And touches all the heart's responsive strings.
The words of hope and cheering float around,
And all the graves that guard the clay
Of great men till the judgment day,
Are softly echoing back the sacred sound.
Anon the anthem, sung more sadly, seems
A wail for pomp and life—poor fleeting dreams;
Then, surging thro' the aisles, it gently dies
Among the tombs, like melancholy sighs.
They bear along the dead,
With measured, solemn tread;
Ye mighty ones who sleep on earth's cold breast!
In gorgeous tombs, where fame
Embalms each honoured name,
Receive a worthy brother to your rest!

Lo! at the instant thro' the painted glass,
Beams suddenly, with lambent splendour, pass!*
They crown the coffin with a nimbus bright,
As if some angel, looking from the skies,
Smiled down in love, and this, the smile of light,
Bids his soul welcome into Paradise.

The loftiest mortal is but dust!
He leaves us full of years,
Yet the great Statesman claims our tears;
Mourn for the good, the just!

* A burst of sunshine, the sky having been previously gloomy, shone down through the lantern on the coffin of Lord Palmerston, as it stood before the altar-rails.

And here in honour let him lie,
Where Britain's genius breathes a sigh
O'er Pitt, illustrious Canning's grave;
Here Fame her greenest wreaths shall wave,
And Glory watch the matchless three,
Resplendent stars in history!
Rest, noble Statesman, rest!
Thy proud renown for many a year shall live,
Thy world-taught wisdom shall high lessons give;
And more—thy name for oft-tried, manly worth,
For truth, and honest zeal, shall shine on earth.
Rest, honoured Statesman, rest!
Nought to thee now life's narrow hopes and fears,
And while, like gold, thy memory men will keep,
With the great spirits of a thousand years,
We leave thee here to sleep.

CHARLES DICKENS.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

THE brain, the active, subtle brain,
Which from its secret, wondrous cells,
Sent forth a mixed and endless train
Of thoughts which, by strong spells,
Grew into beings full of burning life,
With all our frailties, tempers, passions, rife;
The brain that was a treasure-house of dreams,
A fountain-head of many joyous streams;
That brain is still, with fancies never more
To please, enthrall; Wit's summer reign is o'er;
Relentless fate the golden thread must sever,
That brain is still for ever!

Dark, undiscriminating, cruel Death!
Couldst thou not quench some star less bright?
Couldst thou not take some meaner breath,
And longer spare that sun to glad our sight?
Oh, at its setting, sorrow o'er the land
Fell in deep shade; the smile of Humour fled,
Pathos dissolved in tears, gay Fancy's band
Stayed in the dance, for *Fiction's* lord was dead!
Tell it unto the winds—"he lives no more!"
The sad winds bear the wail 'round Britain's shore,

With cypress as with laurel wreath his tomb!
Kindness, philanthropy, lament his doom!
The sad winds bear the dirge to other climes,
In Europe's cities Grief shall hear the chimes;
Australian settlers hear it; far it thrills
Along Canadian lakes, and rocky hills;
Down thro' "The States" that wail of sorrow sweeps;
As for her own lost son, Columbia weeps;
Where'er the Saxon foot hath found a home,
  And Britain's noble language sends its fire,
Across the mountains, 'neath wild ocean's foam,
  That wail, along the electric wire,
Flies like a spirit with a burst of pain;
Eyes he once filled with light now weep in vain;
Our image low in fragments death has hurled,
The great is gone, lamented by a world.

I see the peasant bronzed by sun and gale,
Who reads and understands his vivid tale;
I see the high-bred lord, the thoughtful sage,
Charmed by the wisdom of his life-true page;
I see the maiden's lips with smiles apart;
Anon some touching scene dissolves her heart—
Scene where deep feelings mix with fancies gay,
Like weeping dews first lit by laughing day:
These mourn the great magician's race is o'er;
The charmer of light hours can charm no more,
The hand that penned no pen again shall hold,
The heart that others warmed must now be cold.

Dickens, thou lord of pathos and of mirth!
Thou wast in sunny moments giv'n to earth;

Thy marvel-working wand, for many years,
Hath ministered delight; in hours of sadness
Thy page hath scattered gloom, and called up gladness,
And oft unsealed the fount of sweetest tears.
Who hath not laughed o'er Pickwick, felt the spell
Of Christmas Tales, and sighed with gentle Nell?
Followed, enchained, a countless, varied train,
Breathing of life, tho' children of the brain?
Ah! what a boast is thine!
The alchemy which golden makes thy fame;
Yes, thou hast writ no line
On which doth fall the poison-drop of shame:
The young, the old, the pure-soul'd maid may read,
No blush will rise at word, or scene, or deed.

'Twas thine a pleasantness, a joy, to find
Thro' all the walks of being; humblest mind
Was still thy study; like the bee, thy powers
Not only honey drew from richest flowers,
But gathered sweets with wholesome virtues rife,
From blooming hedge-side weeds of lowest life.
Thy genius calls up worshippers, who fain
Would catch thy spirit, but they toil in vain;
None can usurp thine own peculiar throne,
None else can bend thy bow—thou reign'st alone.

O the far, coming ages! will they sweep,
With humbler labourers, to Oblivion's deep,
At last thy honoured name?
And must grow faint, more faint, until it sleep,
The trumpet of thy fame?

No, while our tongue shall live, or charms impart,
And humour please, and pathos reach the heart,
A Dickens' name shall million bosoms thrill,
And all his bright creations ravish still.

POEMS

ON

CORNISH SCENERY.

"Cornwall, the grand, the beautiful, the wild,
"The land of tempests, and of granite peaks,
"Of wealth, earth-stored, a hundred fathoms down,
"Of legends and of heroes."

Old MSS.

POEMS

ON

CORNISH SCENERY.

THE LAND'S END.

WHAT are Rome's ruins, moss-grown, rent, and gray
What Baalbec's fanes majestic in decay?
What the huge pyramids that stand sublime,
Defying earthquakes and the scythe of Time?
To Nature's ruins towering here—
Ruins in awful wildness hurled,
Great God-built pyramids that rear
Their crests through earth's eternal year,
Like relics of some darker world?

Bolerium !* cape of storms! strong buttress raised
By Britain's genius, as she sternly gazed
Tow'rd the blue distant west, resolved to wage
Unceasing battle with mad ocean's rage;
Pillars of granite! fanes of rock!
Braving the blasting lightning-shock,

* The classic name of the Land's End.

Scowling in grimness o'er the sea,
Furrowed by tempests, as they sweep
Through wave-worn arch and gallery deep—
The tempests of eternity!
Giants in stone, that cry aloud
To the first billow, first wild cloud,
Reaching Britannia's shore—
"This is the land where power is dwelling,
Where freedom smiles, and fame is telling
Her golden story evermore!"

The soul is awed upon this granite tower;
Gazing from toppling crags so wild and lone,
Uppiled, methinks, by some enchanter's power,
Terror's storm-girded throne—
Gazing on seething, thundering waves below,
Till the heart quakes, the eyes all dizzy grow:
The waves that onward roll and flash,
Shaking the huge rocks with their dash,
From granite bounds again recoiling,
In broken masses, foaming, boiling—
The waves that, in those cavern-halls,
Sound like a thousand waterfalls,
Or deep-mouthed trumpets, pouring proud
Their boisterous music grand and loud—
Those awful piles of living stone,
Savage, majestic, and alone,
Traced o'er with lines that odes may be,
Not penned by children of the sod,
But poems of sublimity,
Writ by the hand of storms and God—

We well may yield to solemn, lofty thought;
How small the change long ages here have wrought!
We muse and sigh—how brief are mortal hours!
What dust is man! how puny all his powers!

But now a calm comes down, and lulls the roar,
And soothes the ocean-lion into sleep!
The waves in wrath no longer lash the shore,
Or, like white chargers, sweep:
The sun hangs mellow in the burnished west,
And painted crags reflect his mild farewell;
The sea-mew, landward wheeling, seeks her nest,
And ocean's organ peals with gentler swell.
Wide-scattering surf is turned to dust of gold,
The Lady-Rock* is blushing ruby-red,
The little sea-pink, in her craggy hold,
Shuts her blue eye, and bows her sleepy head.
The last rich odours from the heath arise,
Offerings from those wild altars to the skies:
The friendly Longships,† from its foam-bound site,
Smiles o'er the surge in that soft tranquil light,
And soon begins to trick its own red ray,
To warn from rocks, and point the seaman's way.

* The "Irish Lady," or the "Lady-Rock," stands near the coast, and derives its singular name from a legend that the ghost of a lady, who was wrecked here on her passage from Ireland, is frequently seen on the summit of the crag during storms.

† The Longships Lighthouse crowns a rock about one mile and a half from the shore; and the lantern, though 127 feet above low water mark, is frequently in winter covered with waves and foam, while all communication with the land is cut off.

Peace walks the deep, and stills the purple air,
And Nature folds her hands as if in prayer;
Beauty heaven-sent, sublimity profound,
Fall, like an angel's mantle, softly round;
God's works, not man's, claim reverence, love, and fear,
His mighty presence only reigning here.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

FAMED Mount, that risest from the western deep,
With granite shoulders and fern-waving hair,
Like some tall giant doomed sea-watch to keep,
Spoken to stone, and fixed for ever there!

Or thou dost look, so beautiful, while grand,
Wooing the gales, and towering o'er the foam,
An islet of enchantment, where a band—
Sweet ocean-nymphs, and mermaids, make their home.

I cross the pebbly ridge, where, long ago,
Ere Christ was born, the old Phœnicians trod,
Bearing their precious store;* wild ocean's flow
Sounds now, as then, loud anthems unto God.

* Twice a day, at low water, the visitor can pass to St. Michael's Mount dry-shod. Across this periodic isthmus, the Phœnicians transported the tin obtained from the Britons, making the Mount a kind of depôt for the metal. This renowned and romantic pile of rocks is nearly a mile in circumference, and has an elevation of *more than 200* feet above the sand.

The sun smiles out; I climb the massive rocks
Smoothed by the blasts of ages, and in dread
Hang o'er the billow-lashed, huge, granite blocks;
Soul feeds upon the grandeur round her spread.

Yet here the lichen, creeping, loving, grows,
And in the chinks the heath-flower swings its bell;
The wandering bee her shrilly trumpet blows,
Heard in the pauses of blue ocean's swell.

Loneness doth kiss her sister Quiet's brow;
Amid the ferns the timid rabbit feeds,
And on the iron cannon, rusting now,
The linnet carols, nor my footstep heeds.

I reach the craggy summit, lost in gazing;
O shores of beauty! green encircling hills!
O sun upon the crystal waters blazing,
Each wave a cup that liquid emerald fills!

Capes stretch away, and woo the outer deep,
And one is wrapt in haze,* like memory dying
And fading in the past; ships onward sweep,
And some are idly at their anchors lying:

Lying on moving glass, where each white sail
Is traced in shadow; hark! the organ's sound!†
It mingles with the sea-mew's fitful wail,
And chime of bells from distant towers around.

* The Lizard Point.

† The chapel on the summit of the Mount contains a fine organ. At one of the angles of the tower, and very difficult to be reached, is the famous *St. Michael's chair*, the old legend attached to the

The waves beneath are ever rolling, beating,
Their ceaseless voice a mournful monotone;
Slow they advance, again in foam retreating;
Great Ocean's heart, why dost thou ever moan?

St. Michael's Mount! who gazes from this height,
On loveliness, sublimity, and peace,
On Nature in a trance of full delight—
Nature whose glories ne'er shall dim or cease:

Will feel an inward fire unfelt before,
The glow of admiration, and will muse
On Him who shaped far hills and winding shore,
The sea, the sky, with all their varied hues.

Oh, yes, our spirits to exalt and please,
God hath indulged choice dreams of beauty here,
And stamped them on creation; scenes like these
Reflect heaven's love, and glorify our sphere.

The only sounds—as though Despair
Sat throned, a gloomy monarch there.

The sun went down, black, threatening clouds
  Quenching his wonted golden light,
And still they spread, like hanging shrouds,
  Storm riding on the wings of night;
The rocks the madden'd billows lashed,
While, rolling answer, thunders crashed.

Above the thunder and the gale,
  The minute-gun is booming now;
See, as the lightnings shimmer pale,
  Yon vessel with half-buried bow!
Her cable snaps—all hope is o'er,
Her course is tow'rd that fatal shore.

She strikes! her deck the breakers sweep;
  The hapless crew, so stoutly brave,
Are powerless now; the foaming deep
  Must be their cold unhonoured grave;
Hark to their anguish-cry—their last
Wild prayer to God that swells the blast!

No arm to save—no life-boat near;
  Oh! had that boat—a thing of power,
Which fronts all dangers, mocks at fear,—
  Come, angel-like, at that dread hour,
Haply no soul had darkly died,
No orphan wept, or widow sighed.

They struggled with the raging billow,
  They shrieked, they sank—then all were still,
Laid coldly on their ocean pillow,
  The bleak winds o'er them whistling shrill!
They perished, asking aid in vain—
No life-boat on that stormy main.

A dog, strong swimmer, reached the strand;
  He only baffled ruthless death;
He found his master, licked his hand,
  And on him breathed his loving breath;
Looked on that form, stretched cold and low,
And e'en death's meaning seemed to know.

Fond, faithful brute, he stood and whined,
  And would not quit the lifeless clay;
The drowned one had been gentle—kind;
  He watched and howled till dawn of day;
Man's friend, true mourner of the dead,
Oft true when human friends have fled.

They came at last, and on that shore
  Found the poor victim of the deep;
The dog, exhausted, howled no more,
  But by his master seemed to sleep;
The wave-beat sands their mournful bed,
Winds wailed their dirge—for both were dead.

A CORNISH VILLAGE.

The sun just peeps above the ferny hills,
  Blushing and bashful as a hind in love,
Shooting his rays oblique on misty rills;
  But, soon more bold, he springs the woods above,
And gazes with broad face and eyes of mirth,
Upon his bride—the peaceful, modest earth.

The village clock strikes six; more bright the skies;
  And now the humble tenants are astir;
Thin smoke-wreaths o'er each cottage bluely rise,
  Where housewives kindle fires of peat or fir,
Sprinkle o'er rude stone-floors the yellow sand,
And spread the frugal meal with active hand.

Now Labour carries out God's first intent,
  That each in busy tasks a part should bear;
The strong-necked oxen to the plough are bent,
  The rustic whistles o'er the shining share;
The mower whets his scythe upon the hill,
And clatter, clatter, works the busy mill.

But see, who comes from yon low cottage-door,
  In spreading hat, with sun-tanned arms all bare?
Light as her heart, her foot the grass trips o'er;
  She looks to eyes of peasants passing fair;
Her form is softly rounded, cheeks are roses,
And quiet archness on her lip reposes.

She treads the meadow, and the cattle know her,
The calf frisks round her with its sides of silk;
Love e'en the timid lambs, by bleating, show her;
Hark! in the shining pail the splashing milk:
The kingcups, looking on her, seem to smile,
The happy maid blithe singing all the while.

The thresher, in the neighbouring barn, throws down
The ringing flail; he stands beside her now;
Rustic coquette, she turns from him, a frown
Striving to darken her young, pretty brow:
And then she blushes, while she lets him bear
Her milk-pail home, and thanks him laughing there.

The sun is near mid heaven; luxurious heat
Faints o'er the landscape; flowers their heads bend low;
The birds, close-bower'd, have ceased their descant sweet;
Delicious 'tis to hear the cool stream flow,
Faint gurgling, tuning through the trembling reeds,
While the fish darts, the green-necked mallard feeds.

The lazy cart-wheels turn more slowly round,
And where the village sage his school doth keep,
You hear a buzzing and uncertain sound,
From master tired, and urchins half asleep;
The old dog panting in the door-way sits,
The dame her needle plies, and nods by fits.

But in the hay-field all is busy life;
They toss, and toss the flakes of clover sweet;
Richly it smells, with Nature's odours rife,
Refreshing sense beneath the withering heat;

Bared are men's arms, tucked short the maidens' dresses,
Kerchiefs untied, while loosely fall their tresses.

They toss the hay, and oft the jocund hind
Indulges some bold jest, and laughter rings
Lightly from rosy lips, and where they find
Hay heaped more high, the daring peasant springs—
The season's privilege—love's harmless bliss—
Making the hay more sweet with many a kiss.

Go down, go down, thou hot-faced Summer sun!
Let freshness bless again the thirsty earth;
Come out, ye hiding birds, from coverts dun,
And pipe your evening songs of joy and mirth!
Lift your bowed heads, ye flowers! by brake and pool,
And drink the nectarous dew, enjoy the cool.

Day's labour done, the village folk are meeting;
Some saunter slowly, some on benches lean,
Wives telling tales, old men the old men greeting,
While noisy children gambol on the green:
The late quick mill-wheel flashes round no more,
The flail is silent on the threshing-floor.

Now down the elm-walk happy lovers rove,
Plighting their vows; but nought the lusty hind
Regards love's star pale rising o'er the grove;
Gentle romance ne'er warmed his stolid mind;
He tells his honest tale in plainest style,
And she can blush acceptance, sigh, and smile.

Thus in that Cornish village life goes round,
Toil and repose—the hills, the vales, their home;
Their simple joys to narrowest circle bound,
Here were they born, nor ask their hearts to roam;
Heroes may fight, or thrones in dust be hurled,
Calm pass their years—this, this their little world.

SABBATH DAY IN THE VILLAGE.

O BLESSED day which rest to labour brings!
A sabbath's calm upon the hamlet lies,
As if an angel came on noiseless wings,
And o'er it breathed the quiet of the skies;
No more is heard the clatter of the mill,
The blacksmith's forge is hushed, the plough is still.

The horse in the green paddock seems to know
He too must rest; the brook that steals along
Doth surely lave its banks with gentler flow,
And birds greet heaven with softer, mellower song;
The very flowers look up, and seem to say
They'll breathe their sweetest on the sabbath-day.

Breaking the stillness, hark! a solemn sound!
It swells across the hamlet like a wave,
Swings o'er the woods, along the moorland's bound,
And dies in echo by the far sea-cave:
Toll—toll! from yon gray tower the breezes bear
Religion's silvery call to praise and prayer.

Now forth from cottage-doors, in trim array,
The rustics come, old age with thoughtful mien,
And youth with sobered spirits, wend their way
To that old church beside the poplar'd green;
And still the bell its music sprinkles round,
Something of heaven soft-murm'ring in the sound.

The men in groups stand near the low-arched door,
And bare their heads, as moves the priest along;
The good man smiles and nods, and smiles once more
So courteous is he to the lowly throng;
Here did their fathers worship—there they sleep;
O humble graves that well their trust will keep!

Ye rich and proud who meet to worship God,
Scorn not the poor man's prayer, for He who rears
High mountain-tops, shapes daisies of the sod,
And simplest prayer of lowliest creature hears:
The orator's soul-shaking thunders rise
Not speedier than poor whispers to the skies.

Dear boon to man! a priceless blessing given!
This sabbath to the jaded and oppressed,
To hold commune with God, and think of heaven;
Mid leaden hours, Oh! golden day of rest!
Mid discords, music to the good, the wise;
A sacred link between us and the skies.

A CHURCHYARD IN CORNWALL.

They sleep on Nature's lap of green,
And where might grief find lovelier scene,
  More full of hallowed sadness?
Church, tombs, like mortals, seem at rest,
Thought chasing from the gayest breast
  All levity and gladness;
Wild Riot here might cool her fire,
Ambition's towering dreams expire,
  And Passion check her madness.

The gently-sloping, heathy hill,
The babbling of the tearful rill,
  Babbling beneath the willow;
The whispers melancholy, deep,
The whispers that will never sleep,
  The whispers of the billow;
The bending of the old yew trees,
Bending to talk unto the breeze—
  Sounds that might soothe death's pillow:

The azure of the roofing sky,
God's palace of eternity;
  Flowers shaded, yet still blowing;
The mavis that doth sing all day,
Like some lorn spirit, on the spray,
  His song rich, flute-like flowing—

Song, at Eve's coming, poured more deep,
Bidding the musing listener weep,
So sad, so plaintive growing:

All yield unto the sacred scene
A spell of sorrow, a serene,
Sweet beauty, never dying;
Who wanders 'mid the ancient tombs,
E'en where the thickest foliage glooms,
Past races 'round him lying,
Doth feel no chill, no terror, woe
Spreading like angel-wings of snow,
O'er this lone place of sighing.

They sleep relieved from toil, and oft
The living come, with footstep soft,
To mourn the friend departed;
To strew the humble grave with flowers,
And muse on long-gone cherished hours,
Ere death his shaft had darted;
But as they kneel upon the sod,
In scene so calm, so full of God,
They ne'er grow broken-hearted.

NIGHT ON THE CORNISH COAST.

Angel of light! quench now thy flaming torch,
Oh, quench it in yon ocean, cold and deep!
Come forth, star-vestals! who all day have prayed,
Hidden within your cloister-cells of heaven;

Unveil your pearly brows, unclose your eyes,
And unabashed look down, that earth may drink
Your pure celestial beauty: abbess moon!
Sit 'mid your docile nuns, nor with cold gaze
Check their coy twinkling smiles, so sweet to-night.
Thou sleepy sea! smooth out each curling wave,
Burnish its face, and edge it with soft silver,
To make a glass, that ocean's wandering nymphs
May see their faces, and braid up their hair.—
Rest in your cradle-caves, ye infant winds,
That else might grow to storms!—Steal, silence! forth
From night's blue chamber, and with finger laid
On Nature's lip, walk gently ocean's plain;
And beauty! with bare arms and ivory brow,
Glide on the beam from heaven's starr'd paradise,
And breathe on shore, and deep, and pine-topp'd hill,
Your spell of grace and glory.—Night! O night!
The calmer and exalter! earth and man,
And all that's lovely, owe a debt to thee.
The conscious ocean from its stilled deep breast,
Through its fresh lips—the murmuring shelly shore—
Cries out—I love thee, night!—The mountain-tops,
Shimmering and smiling 'neath heaven's throbbing stars,
Exclaim—I love thee, night!—The haunted vale,
Half-sleeping, half-awake—delicious trance—
With all its freshened woods, and dew-hung flowers,
And silvery rills, cries soft—I love thee, night!
Let, too, the soul of man that would in peace
Muse or aspire, and sweet communion hold
With God and nature, cry—I love thee, night!

MYLOR CHURCH AND FALMOUTH HARBOUR.

'Tis not when jocund morning walks the hills,
Scattering dew-pearls, and laughing o'er the sea;
Or when bright noon the glen with sunshine fills,
And birds pipe jubilee,
That thou shouldst visit Mylor's pensive shades,
View creek and shore, and tread its leafy glades.

But when Eve, Nature's artist, paints the west,
With many a ruby line and orange ray,
Striving to make a gorgeous couch of rest
For sleepy, weary day;
And quiet lulls the hills and woods of green;
Then feels the heart the magic of the scene.

It is that hour; I gaze across the wave,
Burnished and glossy in the crimson light;
The pebbly beach the little billows lave,
In thin-drawn lines of white,
Pulsing with sounds most faint the evening air,
As if from ocean's heart there breathed a prayer.

Oh, beautiful the circling steeps that gird
Fal's sheltering harbour! 'mid wild storms of fear,
Safe in her nest as sits the brooding bird,
The great ship rideth here:
Fair walled Trelissick decks the hill's green side,
And down each bank woods sloping kiss the tide.

The castles* guard the waters far away,
  But oft their stirring thunders swell the breeze;
St. Just's smooth uplands catch the dying ray,
  While gold bathes all the trees:
White cottages are sprinkled o'er each steep,
Like drifts of snow, the flocks of nibbling sheep.

But Mylor's old grey church and rugged tower,
  Unchanged amid a thousand changeful years,
Attract my steps; how solemn, this calm hour,
  The ancient pile appears!
Link between us and darkling ages fled,
A something holy watching o'er the dead.

The tottering belfry thickest ivies hide,
  A pall hung o'er it by funereal time;
How often up the glen, across the tide,
  Hath swung that bell's soft chime!
Yes, it hath tolled through ages; now you hear
A small sweet note; the redbreast carols near.

Mylor, beneath thy famed and mighty yew,
  That gives death's dwellings beauty, let me stand;
The solemn and the lovely meet my view,
  A charm on sea and land:
O Nature! thy sweet aspects soften gloom,
And kindly chase the terror of the tomb.

* Pendennis and St. Mawes Castles, built in the reign o Henry VIII. The former stands on an elevation upwards of 300 feet above the sea, and commands a prospect as extensive and beautiful as any to be seen on the Cornish coasts.

Here generations have renounced the dreams
That filled each busy brain in long-past day;
Here grief forgets its tears, and craft its schemes,
The gleesome child its play,
The village maid her conquests, here to close
Her bright and smiling eyes in calm repose.

By yon rude stone where lengthening shadows fall,
No more to plough, the peasant finds a bed;
In that white tomb, once courted, loved by all,
The squire low rests his head;
Beneath where leaves faint whisper like a brook,
The priest for ever now hath closed his book.

Yew, venerable, sombre, stately tree!
Sure thou dost droop in grief, and vigil keep
Beside the mound where, victims of the sea,
A hundred warriors sleep:
For fields of blood, for cannon's thunder-boom,
Above their heads now white-ruffed daisies bloom.*

Sweet resting-place, past mortal hopes and fears,
Old church that sanctifies and guards the graves,
Yew, braving tempests through a thousand years,
Wide, music-breathing waves!
Green-hanging wood, brown glen, and sloping hill—
Peace on them rest, and beauty haunt them still!

* In one grave near the great yew-tree, lie interred more than a hundred soldiers, who, returning from Spain in the "Queen" transport-ship, at the close of the Peninsular war, were most lamentably wrecked during a strong gale from the south, on *Trefusis Point*. The harbour in the present day is much safer.

Peace too with him, whose voice so oft is heard
In yon gray pile, whose counsels point to heaven!
Who cheers grief, age, with many a kindly word,
His alms unstinted given;
Well may these lovely scenes calm bliss impart,
And nearer to his Maker draw his heart.

TINTAGEL IN A STORM.

[Little remains at the present day of King Arthur's once famous castle at Tintagel, Cornwall. The immense rock on which the fortress had been erected, and where a few low walls still stand, is almost divided from the mainland by a deep chasm, across which formerly the drawbridge was thrown. The precipice towards the sea is grand and terrific, and all the rock scenery around is of a very wild and sublime character.]

Winds scourge the ocean, till the billows bound
Like madden'd steeds, far tossing foam around;
Through the white-flying spume the eye can mark,
In boiling seas, the distant labouring bark:
Heaven help her on those waves!
If drives that ship ashore,
Rocks bristle, breakers roar,
The coast will give but graves.
Around yon headland, blackening, scowling,
Hark! how infuriate winds are howling!
The heavy billows roll and dash,
And the tall crags in frenzy lash;

They strive the deep rocks to uptear,
Then foiled and backward cast,
Their wild roar loads the blast,
And, mad with passion, high they leap in air.
Like eager Furies sent from hell,
Hoarsely they hiss and fiercely swell,
The broken waters flying 'round,
Like tresses from their heads unbound;
And ever zigzag lightnings gleam,
And as the harsh, deep thunders burst,
Those thunders Fury-voices seem,
As if our grand, old world they curst.

But where, upstarting by the seething deep,
Tintagel's rocks their mouldered ruins keep,
Ocean doth gather all his might, and pour
His troops of billows on the steadfast shore;
Against the cliffs they blindly rush and rage,
Where Cornwall's hero, in far distant age,
Dwelt in his strong-built fortress by the sea,
Girt by the flower of Britain's chivalry.
They madden, toss, and leap,
Below where frowned the keep;
They madden, rise, and fall,
Where once, in his proud hall,
The king's "Round Table" spread,
And knights, the Saxons' dread,
Feasted, and gamed, and laughed,
And Arthur red wine quaffed.
They madden, rage, and roar,
Where sat in bowers of yore,

The queen and many a maid,
In sumptuous robes arrayed,
Listening the harper's lay,
So martial, sweet, and gay;
Now we but hear one strain,
The music of the main,
Sounding in caverns under
The hollow rocks of fear and wonder,
Notes hoarsely bass, the diapason—thunder.

O wild, grand scene! where elemental strife
Takes now the place of ancient, knightly life!
Behold the castle of the hero-king!
O'er shattered walls the sea-bird flaps his wing:
A few worn, naked stones remain to tell
Where chiefs caroused, and Beauty wove her spell.
Where now great Arthur belted for the fight,
With waving plume, mailed breast, and sword of might?
Where the dark wizard, Merlin—potent name?
And warriors dazzling by their deeds of fame?
Gone with the ages, shadows round them cast,
Living in fancy's realms—dim myths at last.
But ye, O giant rocks,
Still battle with time's shocks!
Swept from your lofty crest
That fortress of the west,
Ye mock, all wild and hoary,
The abode of ancient glory:
The cliff that bore the towers
So grand in perished hours,
Like some huge tombstone there,
Which Fame, in her despair,

Hath raised to pride and might,
And splendour set in night.
O billows, too, loud sounding, ever sounding,
Still from the giant crags rebounding!
Age after age in wrathful storms,
Scourging their proud, eternal forms,
Ye wildly laugh at glory past away,
Flinging o'er weed-grown walls your scornful spray,
Blowing your clarion midst the tempest's roar,
Where Arthur's brazen trumpet swelled of yore,
Or sending funeral wail from echoing caves,
To mourn great heroes gone, or soothe them in their graves.

DESCRIPTIVE POEMS.

——— "'Tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled."

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

DESCRIPTIVE POEMS.

DAYBREAK FROM SNOWDON.

Reluctant, slow, and one by one the stars
  Are shutting up their windows in the west,
Glancing once more, pale nuns, behind their bars,
  Ere they retire to rest.

The mists of Night are sinking, valeward sinking,
  Leaving the mountain's mighty forehead bare;
The rocks of hoar eternity are drinking
  The sharp, pure, vigorous air.

A glow scarce seen, so faint and tremulous, spreads
  O'er the grey infinite of eastern sky,
Uncertain as the light which memory sheds
  On joys long glided by.

But soon upon the horizon's far-stretched brim,
  A blush comes up—a something there uncloses
Of faintest red, as if, amid the dim,
  Bloomed million pale-leaved roses.

The delicate flowers are growing to an arch
  Of living coral; in the widening light
The eye can trace the river's misty march,
    Lake, vale, and lesser height.

He comes—upspringing from the depths, the sun
  Lifts his hot forehead, blinding as I gaze;
Along the earth the slanting glories run,
    And heaven is all a-blaze.

He comes—the mists, like ghosts, away are fleeting;
  Dead night is burning on a funeral pyre;
Snowdon, with all his rocks, returns Day's greeting
    With a glad smile of fire.

Far to the west the level ocean lies,
  A tesselated floor of green and gold,
And Scotia's distant hills like ramparts rise—
    Wide is earth's map unrolled.

I gaze from these high crags; the world below
  Seems all rejoicing. Hail! thou King of Day!
That comest with thy crown of rosy glow,
    Health, life, in each warm ray.

Thou comest like an angel with broad wings,
  Sprinkling gold beams, by time nor dimmed nor hoary;
The thankful heart of all created things
    Boundeth to meet thy glory.

Grand orb! with thine intolerable blaze,
Thou beauteous mystery! thou glorious fear!
Shining through an eternity of days,
Dazzling our vision here:

Thou art but shade to Him who hung thy globe,
Ponderous, engirt by fire, in lighted space;
Darkness is only shaken from thy robe
Beside His dwelling-place.

O Mountain where I stand—O sun that now
Fillest with lustre all that late was dim!
Expand my heart—exalt me while I bow—
Lift my rapt soul to Him.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

The world is full of beauty, though at times
'Tis darkened by calamity and ill;
And did not man spread misery by his crimes,
'Twould be a smiling, blessëd Eden still:
Visions before me pass; below, above,
I see but things of beauty, proofs of love.

O sunset sky! where day drinks ruby wine,
Those opal clouds the goblets brimming o'er;
Rich sky, where angels glowing tissues twine,
To robe new comers on heaven's pearly shore;

Gold bars, the steps that up to glory rise;
Red vistas stretching into paradise.

O stars, the jewels on night's dusky robe!
The altar-fires to God, extinguished never!
Doth not a glory crown each beauteous globe,
Singing and shining on for ever, ever?
Each star a favoured land, that may not know
The storms which shake us here, nor crime, nor woe.

Flowers of the wild—the smallest bloom that chides
The amorous winds, by Nature's handmaid drest,
Offers a wonder, and, sweet coy one, hides
A world of beauty in its folded breast;
Flowers cheering, lighting up the grateful sod,
First dropped on earth, embodied smiles of God.

Clear, glassy fountain, from soft moss up-bubbling,
Toying with pebbles, singing through the reeds,
No taint its mountain-born, cool crystal troubling,
Pure in its depths as mercy's holy deeds:
River, broad river, swiftly rolled along,
Mirror of clouds, a full-voiced, joyous song.

The rustling wood, when Autumn's many dyes
Burn on the twinkling leaves, or richly throw
A blood-red splendour rivalling sunset skies;
The fainting radiance of the aërial bow,
Sumptuously graceful, beautifully still,
With glowing feet on either tinted hill.

I stand upon the shore, and watch the play
Of billows heaving in their azure glory,
Then breaking on the shells in diamond spray,
Weird music echoing soft from caverns hoary:
Oh, what a beauty lies on ocean's plains,
The seagull's Eden, grandeur's wide domains!

The world is full of beauty; living things
Enchant us too with loveliness; we see
Its happy charm in birds with painted wings,
And graceful animals, the wild, the free;
But most it clothes the human form, which stands
God's shining image, moulded by His hands.

The world is full of beauty; 'tis ideal
The gloom which pining discontent beholds;
Sunshine, fair form, heaven's smiles, adorn the real;
The wise enjoy what bounteous earth unfolds,
And thank kind Nature that around them glow
These lovely things to cheer man's path below.

THE OLD CHURCH PORCH.

The old church porch—encircling ivy seems,
Like sanctity, to shut out worldly dreams,
While from the west eve's slanting glory streams.

Each patch of moss, the arch so worn and gray,
Entered by generations past away,
The rude stone bench—all catch the mellow ray.

The dial, through the ages, fixed on high,
Tells thoughtful gazers how poor moments fly,
Time's finger pointing to eternity.

The dead sleep near, unheeding sun or shower,
The last bee hums around the churchyard flower,
The clamorous daw slow seeks the mouldering tower.

How many passed this porch in ancient day,
Called by the bell from moorlands far away,
Good, simple hearts, to worship God and pray!

I see, borne fondly in, the infant child,
I see the rough, pleased father, mother mild,
Offering that babe a Christian undefiled.

Now the once infant enters with his bride,
Smiling in love, and flushed in manhood's pride,
And soon the marriage-bells peal far and wide.

Hush! there is wailing! from each cottage-door,
Sedate and sad, the humble inmates pour,
To lay tired age where mortals toil no more.

They bear him through the porch; the rustic weeps;
Infant and bridegroom, now the patriarch sleeps,
And the sad bell o'er hill and valley sweeps.

Thus through the porch hath time's calm, slow career
Sent generations, once beloved and dear;
Now o'er their dust few living shed a tear.

But still the ivy trails its solemn green,
The red-rimmed daisy at the porch is seen,
And, friend of death, the yew-tree spreads serene.

And still mild evening shoots its slanting ray,
Warming the moss, the buttress old and gray,
As if an angel bent to earth its way:

And smiled on this old porch, and kissed the flowers;
And hark! a linnet drops soft music-showers,
Adding a charm to evening's sainted hours.

Oh, ancient porch! we dream small histories here,
Witness of many a smile and silent tear,
Each mouldered stone to thoughtful memory dear.

EVENING AT HASTINGS.

Boast not of long-drawn vales and flowery plains,
  Of sounding cataracts and mountains lone;
Behold this ocean where soft beauty reigns,
  And awful grandeur to no landscape known!
The soul floats o'er yon vast expanse of sea,
And feels thy meaning, dread eternity!

The sun in fire hangs o'er the western billow,
  And every tremulous wave his mirror seems;
He rests upon a cloud, his crimson pillow,
  And there, a sleeping god, awhile he dreams;

The ships like floating gems—yon headland bold,*
Far stretching o'er the deep, a bar of gold.

And bright along the horizon's level brim,
A rich red path is paved; the seamew's wing
Burns as it winnows ether; nought is dim,
Save the far east where cliffs soft shadows fling,
Shadows still edged with fire; and high in air
Yon castle hangs, a ruin rent and bare.†

How silent all this mighty ocean lies!
Hushed as an infant rocked to sleep by love,
His cradle the round world, the bending skies
A canopy; as if great Nature's dove,
Or some calm angel brooded o'er the wave,
And its own peace to Ocean's quiet gave.

There is an odour fraught with health and life,
Wafted on shore from off the purple brine—
An odour with more living freshness rife,
Than sweets from banks of summer eglantine;
Drinking the spirit of the breeze-swept main,
The body and the soul new vigour gain.

Along the shingles and the yellow sand,
Groups, idly happy, saunter, some with eyes
Cast on the deep, so lovely yet so grand,
And others watch the west's oft-changing dyes;
And there young lovers wander, slow, apart,
That scene of beauty melting each fond heart.

* Beachy Head. † Hastings Castle.

The little trim-sail'd barks are outward gliding,
  Noiseless as spirits, and the dipping oar
Breaks the tinged sapphire; anchored ships are riding;
  Waves fret and die in sparkles on the shore;
At times soft singing from afar is borne,
Or floats upon the air the mellow horn.

From crowded cities and their tumult stealing,
  How soothing to the spirit wandering here!
The world another aspect is revealing,
  Earth seems transformed into a calmer sphere;
Sunset, shore, ocean, Nature's glorious whole
May well, in dreams Elysian, lap the soul.

FAR AT SEA.

Far away upon the sea,
  On the deck my watch I keep;
Ocean, like eternity,
  Doth around me grandly sweep;
Night is striving to be dark,
  But the throbbing stars, bright-shining,
Make each broken wave a spark,
  And our sails with pearls are lining;
Softly breezes die and swell,
Like strange murmurs in the shell.

Far away upon the sea,
  Pacing slowly, thinking, dreaming,
Turn my thoughts, loved home, to thee,
  Sun upon fond memory beaming.
What a waste of water lies
  'Twixt me and my native bowers!
O'er its paths I waft my sighs,
  Musing on dear vanished hours;
Slow I sail, yet not in gladness,
Every league but deepens sadness.

Far away upon the sea,
  Hastening south, but looking north;
All the world seems flood to me,
  And my thoughts, like doves, go forth:
Yes, they fly, and now alight
  On old elm trees in a valley;
There I see—dear, touching sight—
  House, moss'd pond, and garden alley,
And the clock-tower, with its bell,
And the dog I loved so well.

Far away upon the sea—
  Hush! it is not fancy all;
O'er the waves' immensity
  Murmurs float, and rise, and fall;
'Tis the village bells I hear,
  Charming once our Evening skies,
Sounds to happy childhood dear,
  Ringing as from paradise:
Oh, that music o'er the deep!
Let me listen—let me weep.

Far away upon the sea—
  Hush! it is not fancy all;
O'er the waves' immensity
  Silvery voices seem to call:
'Tis my Sister's, as her tresses
  Float, bright-shining, in the sun:
'Tis my Mother's, as she blesses,
  Blesses me, her wandering son;
Oh, those voices o'er the deep!
Let me listen—let me weep.

THE RAY OF LIGHT.

The ray, the ruddy ray of morn!
  It shoots from eastern hills,
With glory crowns the old church-tower;
  It plays on moss-lipped rills,
And with a warm, soft, amber light,
  Each dewy flower-cup fills.

The ray, the blithesome ray of morn,
  Joy to the bee is bringing;
It wakes the spotted butterfly,
  A living pansy winging;
It pierces the brown gloom of woods,
  And sets the birds a-singing.

The ray, the beauteous ray of morn!
It paints the ruin old,
Cheats the sad ivy into smiles,
And where Death loves to fold
His silent flock, it gilds the tombs,
Gilds them with softest gold.

The ray, the healthful ray of morn!
It calls the lusty boor,
And sends him forth to wield the scythe,
Or plough the daisied moor,
And bids his fresh-cheeked daughter milk
The red cow at the door.

The ray, the bold, free ray of morn!
It steals, and slyly creeps
Through pane, and half-drawn curtain white,
Where high-born beauty sleeps,
And, kissing brow, and loose black curls,
The scene in richness steeps.

The ray, the merry ray of morn!
Calmly a babe reposes;
Light wakes it, like a flow'ret, up,
Its glad, blue eye uncloses;
To catch that beam, arms open wide,
While glow the cheek's bright roses.

The ray, the cheering ray of morn!
Through bars it gently steals,
Where weeps the captive in his cell;
Light to his heart appeals;

It tells him of the far, free hills,
And joy awhile he feels.

The ray, the placid ray of morn!
It trembles down the skies,
And makes the room more hallowed, calm,
Where a maid dying lies;
To greet that last beam—ah! the last,
She feebly opes her eyes.

The ray, the holy ray of morn!
All gently as a dove,
It speeds, a messenger from God,
And tells her of His love,
That angels haste, on shining wings,
To bear her soul above.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

Spring comes, Spring comes! your sunny portals
Unclose, warm chambers of the South!
Green life for Nature, joy for mortals,
She laugheth from her rosy mouth;
Northward she travels, arching, twining,
A rich-hued rainbow o'er her head,
The very air around her shining,
While beams her limbs of beauty shed;
Before her white doves wheel and glance,
Behind her fairies sing and dance.

She comes, she comes! hoar Winter, sighing,
Gives a last groan, and seeks his tomb;
Away the King of Frost is flying,
The Tempest spreads his wings of gloom:
Around sweet Spring warm sunshine breaketh,
And genial airs are wafting balm;
No more the famished bittern shrieketh,
But larks pipe gladness 'mid the calm:
She makes a mirror of each stream,
Bright-walking, an incarnate beam.

She comes, she comes! cold earth is showing
A resurrection 'neath her eyes;
Where her white foot is falling, glowing,
Flowers from the dead, dark soil arise:
Where her hand waves, the forest quickly
Puts on its cloak of leaves and bloom,
And the wide heath, late dun and sickly,
Is gay with celandine and broom;
And still, as glides fair Spring along,
Heaven is all fragrance, earth all song.

She comes, she comes! sweet angel shining
All fresh from Eden; round her brow,
With rose-tipped fingers, garlands twining,
The only angel left us now:
O yes, a paradise she bringeth,
Glad earth again seems young and new;
And as the heart of Nature singeth,
The soul of man is lightsome too;
Away dark thoughts our spirits fling,
Rejoicing with rejoicing Spring.

NATURE'S MORNING HYMN OF PRAISE.

Thou sun, upspringing in thy car of light,
Whose wheels are opal rays,
Chasing the demon-shadows of the night,
Life in thy burning gaze!
For strength renewed, shout on the flaming height,
Thy glorious Maker's praise!

Ye rivers in the beam that flash and bound!
Cataracts, deep thunders given!
Great sea, that roll'st the mighty world around,
Thy waves by tempests driven,
Pealing their organ with exalting sound—
Each raise a song to heaven!

Ye flowers that open dewy, joyous eyes,
Past the deep sleep of night!
For richer sweets, for fresher, lovelier dyes,
Tints, Nature's blushes bright,
Breathe forth your thanks in odours to the skies,
Sing praise with lips of light!

Thou lark, spire upwards from thy heathy bed,
Shaking thy wings of brown!
For beauty on the earth, and light o'erhead,
Pour thy glad song-shower down;
Trill thanks to Him who glory's feast has spread,
Smiling off Nature's frown.

Ye winds that fan green plains, and drink perfume
From every wilding flower,
That pierce the rustling forest's solemn gloom,
Or sigh 'round beauty's bower,
Murmur soft anthems down the vales of bloom,
Praise God for this sweet hour!

Mountains, and streams, and dells, and ocean hoar!
All Nature peans raise,
To Him whose bounty blesses earth once more!
All sounds be turned to lays!
Man, man, take up the strain! your God adore,
And grateful chant His praise.

AMONG THE ALPS.

I GAZE upon those masses, lifting high
Their brows like an eternity in stone,
To hold communion with the bending sky—
Those speakers in the infinite alone,
Whose words are tempests, and whose glances fire,
Darting from clouds electric round each spire.

Sure mountains breathe, like ocean's solemn roll,
Nature's sublime religion o'er the soul.

Lo! Rosa standeth with his shield of snow,
His giant breast all mailed with iron frost;
Tempests may rave, and lightnings flash below,
Defying all, his spear on high is tost;
He shouts to Cenis, whose cloud-flag unfurls,
And wrathful Viso, who his av'lanche hurls,
While Jungfrau, glittering 'neath the rising star,
His cannon-voice of thunder sounds afar.

The king above his subjects calmly sits,
Majestic as stupendous and alone;
The wandering cloud, like some small insect flits
Around the pillars of his steadfast throne:
Mont Blanc looks forth in mightiness, his eye
Claims nothing worthy of him save the sky,
His sparkling crown the everlasting snow,
His humble footstool the great world below.

Have mountains language? Yes, they speak to man
With tongues ne'er mute through long-revolving time;
Grand poems writ, when Nature's youth began,
By God's own finger, glorious and sublime.
Mountains to teach humility were given,
Mountains are spirits' stepping-stones to heaven;
They rose 'mid dread convulsions, storms, and thunder,
A pride, a fear, a beauty, and a wonder.

THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.

How came ye here, small Isles?
Did some strong earthquake heave you from below?
Did mighty Ocean, with his hungry flow,
Through the long ages dashing, foaming, sweeping,
Dispart you from old Scotia? and, now weeping,
Ye stand, like cast-off children, in the main,
Beaten by winds and rain.

How came ye here, lone Isles?
Did some great Saint, in far, far distant day,
When miracles were wrought, as legends say,
Summon you from the deep, that good men here,
In spot so wild, and girt by scenes of fear,
Might hide them from the world, and pass their days
In ceaseless prayer and praise?

Rocky, romantic Isles!
Ye may not liken those green Edens placed
In calm South Seas, with all things lovely graced,
Where fruits hang luscious, flowers are ever gay,
And bright-plumed birds, like jewels, deck each spray;
Love 'mid the shades, soft music on the air,
And luxury everywhere.

Yet rough, tempestuous Isles!
Not always do ye wrestle with the storms,
Not always mist and rain engird your forms;
Beauty's bright spirit crowns your rocks at times,
When mellowing Summer warms those northern climes;
Then heavens arch blue, and laugh the pastures green,
And short-lived flowers are seen.

Then, cheerful, busy Isles!
The fisher casts his net, the maiden seeks
The samphire on the cliff, and sunshine breaks
O'er all the rocks, like rapture come to bless
The stricken heart of suffering and distress;
Then man is gay of mood, and woman smiles
E'en in wild Orkney Isles.

THE CLASSIC RHONE.

No more a hundred temples gleam
Along thy banks, bright, arrowy Rhône!
The Cæsars' pomp is but a dream,
And faun and naiad long have flown;
Time, with his mighty scythe, has passed,
And swept into the greedy tomb
Empires and creeds; oh, what shall last?
What triumph o'er the general doom?
Yet flowers blush out, and woods are green;
No lapse, no change, hath Nature seen.

Oh, no—along the earth, the air,
From mountain-peak, to streamy vale,
Undying youth smiles everywhere,
Paints the blue sky, and scents the gale.
Then mourn not, man, but snatch a bliss
From each fair scene that glows around thee;
Let hope the future's bright brow kiss,
Nor think an evil doom has bound thee!
Bless heaven's decrees, and pluck the flowers,
And give to joy the laughing hours.

Tired day goes down o'er hill and dell,
Home to her hive the bee is winging;
The lily shuts her velvet bell,
And his last song the thrush is singing;
Each tiny wave is crisped with gold,
Bliss clasps all Nature in her arms;
Gleams of Elysium we behold,
In scene so haunted, full of charms;
And dull is he whose eye would close,
Whose loveless heart no rapture knows.

THE LILY OF EDEN.

Sweet virgin lily, charming Spring's gay hours!
How old thy race! thine ancestors, bright flowers,
Decking before the flood the vales and bowers.

Ages have altered not thy soft, pale cheek,
Thy drooping forehead, silky, fair, and meek,
Thy form of elegance, though slim and weak.

Did Eve esteem one flower above the rest
Blooming in Eden? Lily, whitely drest,
Sure it was thou—thee, thee, she loved the best.

O lily—it is no fantastic dream—
She viewed thee mirrored in Euphrates' stream,
Thy lithe stem turned to gold in evening's beam.

Thy snowy bell she hung o'er with pleased eye,
Admired those petals, drank thine odorous sigh,
Then in her bosom bade thy beauty lie.

And since Eve loved thee for thy spotless white,
Flower! thou hast been, in each young maiden's sight,
A type of purity, and virtue bright.

Nature designed thee, with thy drooping eye,
Thy timid head, ne'er proudly tossed on high,
To image grace, and preach of modesty.

As now the happy bee around thee wings,
And, dallying near, the mated throstle sings,
And zephyr thy sweet censer gently swings:

I hail thee fairy-queen among the flowers,
Gay-brightening in the sun, or soft in showers,
The loveliest relic of lost Eden's bowers.

O that my soul were stainless, pure as thou,
Unmarr'd by time, no shadow on thy brow!
As Eve once bless'd thee, let us love thee now.

A VOICE FROM NATURE.

Who can behold this smiling earth
  That tireless travels lighted space,
And blooms as fair as at her birth,
  Despite our fallen, guilty race,
And doubt the hand whose mighty skill
Launched her thro' heaven, and guides her still?

What eye can view the god of day
  Arising on refulgent wing,
And robing Nature with his ray,
  And gladdening every living thing,
Nor own that He who ne'er began
Moulded the beams in love for man?

Dun Night with stars adorns her brow,
  A peopled world each jewel bright;
Sceptic! behold their host and bow,
  Nor doubt who formed those spheres of light;
Each hath a voice in yon blue sky,
Lauding its Maker, Deity.

There is a harmony whose fall
  Of sweetness flows from Nature's chords;
There is an eloquence in all
  That lives and moves, surpassing words;
And these proclaim one lord above,
Whom man should worship, fear, and love.

THE CITY OF THE WATERS.

O Earth, sad Earth! made dark by woe,
And trampled by the demon Crime,
Dost thou no spot of beauty show,
Where Nature laughs as in her prime?
Where suns a genial radiance throw,
And birds, unscared by winter, sing,
Through all the year sweet roses blow—
A land beneath some angel's wing,
Where, cheated for a moment, eyes
May deem they feast on paradise?

Yes, 'tis where guardian hills of Thrace
Gaze on Propontis' storied tide,
Where Beauty all unveils her face
In myrtled vale, on mountain's side;
Where many a crag fond flowers embrace,
And richest hues on hill-tops burn,
And groves are perfume's hiding-place,
Or each is changed to perfume's urn;
Here reigns enchantment; here rapt eyes
May deem they feast on paradise.

A queen upon her hills of glory,
A hundred minarets her crown,
Mother of emperors, famed in story,
Stambool upon the scene looks down:

Her tresses wave—no longer gory,
As when the last Greek* bled and died;
Love nestles in her palace hoary,
The pleasures dancing at his side;
Play soft, ye gales! and laugh, ye skies!
On this voluptuous paradise.

Oh, come with me when Evening flushes
Each wavelet, till it looks a rose,
And their last songs pipe Asian thrushes,
From shores where twilight richly glows;
When in the west the red wine gushes,
Poured from the cup of bacchant Day,
Till that deep crimson faints to blushes,
As all the heavens would melt away;
Then float, and, floating, scan the skies,
Confess that this is paradise.

Float, till from heaven's blue windows peep
Those nuns, the stars—Night's bashful daughters,
Twinkling, well pleased, as forth they creep
To view their eyes in Stambool's waters:
Till, rounding large o'er Asia's steep,
The moon slow climbs heaven's sapphire stair,
And 'neath her glance flower, poplar, weep,
Charmed Silence lulling earth and air;
Then, as thy musings heavenward rise,
Dream, dream that this is paradise.

* The Emperor Constantine Palæologus.

MORNING ON RAMSGATE SANDS.

How gay the scene on this smooth, Summer shore,
Crowded by youth and age, who fly awhile
From smoky cities, life's turmoil and roar,
And woo dear Nature's smile!

See how the pale cheek glows, as breezes play
From off the cooling billow! languid eyes
Gaze all refreshed, and steal back health's lost ray
From sparkling waves and skies!

List to the bright-hair'd children's merry voices,
As on the sand they build their fragile towers:
Brimming with bliss, each little heart rejoices;
O happy, reckless hours!

The fond, pleased mother, on that sunny sand,
Watches their gambols with a quiet pride,
Shading her face, and speaking, smiling bland;
The father sits aside.

He cons the "news," and oft his straining eye
Glances far sea-ward, as some stately bark
Moves, like a spirit, 'twixt the wave and sky—
Wealth's costly-freighted ark.

The maiden leans, love's tale before her set,
Her jealous hat half screening her sweet face,
Her hair, from ocean's bath, uncurled and wet,
Hanging in loosened grace.

The enthralling story charms and sways her heart:
Age of romance, when fancy reigns a queen!
And now she looks around, and seems a part
Of that bright, lovely scene.

Vague dreams and wishes in her bosom rise;
Oh, would she were a sea-nymph, or could skim,
Like yon wild bird, the glowing, freshening skies!
Life real seems so dim.

The boats with white sails gliding to and fro,
The dipping oar unpractised gallants plying,
The dog that joys in spumy waves to go,
Seagulls in circles flying.

The slowly-sauntering forms that dot the shore,
The many-coloured dresses—drowsy calls
Of vendors of rare shells, bright stones, and ore,
The music's swells and falls.

The air of happiness, the deep serene,
That seem to wrap each spirit, drawing here
Delight from Nature—such the pleasant scene
To jaded bosoms dear.

Yes, those bright days by ocean, souls beguiling
From dull existence, city-toil, and strife,
Are to these hearts a green oasis, smiling
Mid the parched waste of life.

SHORT POEMS.

DESIGNED FOR MUSIC.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
"And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
"Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

Shakspeare.

SHORT POEMS.

DESIGNED FOR MUSIC.

STAR OF GLORY.

STAR of glory sweetly beaming
On the azure brow of night!
Clouds across the sky are streaming,
But again it sparkles bright;
Time no dimness to it bringeth,
Nightly shining, shining there;
Sure some angel to it singeth,
Ever changeless, ever fair.

So my love, in life's wide heaven,
Shines for thee: let clouds of ill
O'er my troubled soul be driven,
'Tis not quenched, but shining still:
Time no single ray is stealing
From love's calm enduring light:
'Tis a star of truth and feeling,
Burning ever pure and bright.

Like that distant orb of splendour,
Thou far off mayst wandering be,
But no distance e'er will render
My affection dim for thee:
Radiant ever, clouds of sorrow
Love shall lace with silvery gleams,
And no light it needs to borrow,
In itself a fount of beams.

THE WORLD OF FLOWERS.

Flowers are the jewels given to gleam
On Nature's flowing, gorgeous dress!
Flowers are the artists of the beam,
Painting our world with loveliness;
Flowers, bright-eyed flowers! their breath divine
To sorrow's heart will yield a bliss;
Whate'er in loftier worlds may shine,
O give me flowers, sweet flowers in this!

Flowers are the censers breathing sweets
Back to the sun for warmth and light;
Flowers are the maidens whom he greets,
Making them blush in coy delight:
What were the earth without bright flowers,
Those gems dropt sparkling from above?
Dull as a heart in human bowers,
Deprived of friendship and of love.

Flowers ever chase our thoughts of gloom,
And oh, they shine so pure, so fair,
On heaven's own plains they sure might bloom,
Or deck an angel's golden hair.
Flowers, bright-eyed flowers! their breath divine
To sorrow's heart will yield a bliss;
Whate'er in loftier worlds may shine,
O give me flowers, sweet flowers in this!

THE SUMMER BREEZE.

WHENCE comest thou, low-talking Breeze?
What message bear'st thou on thy wings?
Art thou the spirit of the trees,
Whispering unearthly, mystic things?
Bring'st thou the streamlet's babbling tale,
Or speech from fairies in the vale?

Whence comest thou, sad Breeze? Ah, me!
From sighing over grassy tombs,
Mourning the loved no more to be,
And lingering 'mid the cypress glooms?
Or from the angels dost thou bear
Celestial soothings for despair?

Whence comest thou, sweet, odorous Breeze?
From violet banks, and jasmine bowers,
Our thirsting, fainting sense to please?
Bold robber of a myriad flowers!

Bearing away their balmy sighs,
To sprinkle them along the skies.

O Summer Breeze! now murmuring near,
Bring'st thou a message from my love?
Do I not in thy whispers hear
The morning prayer she sends above?
Well may'st thou, favoured Breeze! rejoice
To steal and waft her gentle voice.

HAPPY MEMORIES.

Happy season! when a child
Flowers I plucked of gayest dyes,
And, with laugh and footstep wild,
Chased the bright-wing'd butterflies;
All my heart in play,
Gleesome all the day,
Easy conscience, careless breast—
Shall I be again so blest?

Wondering season! when I first
Saw the round moon softly shine;
When rich music on me burst,
O what ecstasy was mine!
Then to ear and sight
All things gave delight;
All things new, in glory drest—
Shall I be again so blest?

Dreaming season ! when I bent
  Spell-bound first o'er fiction's page,
Passion's tale such witchery lent,
  Charming that romantic age ;
    Then no unbelief,
    Then no real grief;
Fancies sweet my heart possessed—
Shall I be again so blest?

SOMETHING WE MUST LOVE.

Something, something, we must love ;
  Though the heart would fling
Soft affection to the winds,
  Grown an icy thing ;
Yet beneath the bosom's frost,
  Feeling's snow-drops spring.

Something, something, we must love;
  Friend may turn to foe,
We may spurn at proffer'd joy,
  Bitter made by woe;
Yet on something—bird or flower,
  Love we must bestow.

Something, something, we must love;
  So the man of pride,
Crime-stain'd, prison'd weary years,
  Nought to love beside,
Loved the spider in his cell,
  Weeping when it died.

Something, something, we must love;
Who can chain free will?
Quench affection? roses crush,
Sweets they yet distil;
Lone, forsaken, some poor thing
We must cling to still.

THE SONG OF THE SUN BEAM.

When Morning's cheerful eye uncloses,
I flash, I flash from Eastern hills,
And soon I wake the sleeping roses,
And soon my light each flower-bell fills;
I dance and sparkle on the stream,
And all things love the gay Sun Beam.

I dart, I dart, along the fields,
And call upon the lark to rise;
To slumber he no longer yields,
But soars with anthems up the skies:
I chase wide earth's dull, heavy dream,
And all things bless the glad Sun Beam.

I light, I light the cottage room,
And up gay-hearted Labour springs;
Later I pierce soft Luxury's gloom,
With tinted splendour on my wings;
Beauty awakes, her bright eyes gleam,
For all things love the glad Sun Beam.

When Evening seeks her Western bowers,
I fall, I fall, like golden spray,
On wood and glen, and sleepy flowers,
And gild the lovers' pensive way;
My soft light wakes love's softest dream,
For all things feel the glad Sun Beam.

DOES LOVE DWELL IN YONDER STAR?

Does love dwell in yonder star,
Beaming with so mild a ray,
Angels watching it afar,
Singing on its radiant way?
Does the heart love's transports know,
Anxious hopes, in that sweet sphere,
All its joy, and all its woe,
Such as swell the bosom here?

In yon planet bright and fair,
Are there balmy evening hours?
Has heaven made for lovers there
Whispering brooks, and blooming flowers?
Do they roam, in fragrant Spring,
Through green vales 'neath rustling trees?
Do glad birds to charm them sing?
Do bells murmur on the breeze?

Yes, sweet Nature smiles and glows,
All her beauties bless that sphere,
All we know that planet knows,
Save pain's sigh and sorrow's tear:
Yes, love dwells in yonder star,
Beaming with so mild a ray,
Angels watching it afar,
Singing on its radiant way.

OUR BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

Our beautiful world! Oh, wrong
To paint it in darkness and age!
Nature carols a joyous song,
And laughs at the sad-hearted sage:
The sun beams as brightly on high,
And flowers smile as sweetly around,
As when he first blazed in the sky,
As when they first scented the ground.

Our beautiful world! Still the Spring
Comes tripping in freshness and mirth;
Warm Summer shakes joy from her wing,
Rich Autumn makes golden the earth;
Nurse Winter a cradle bends o'er,
Rocking Nature to sleep for awhile,
That man may enjoy her the more,
When she wakes with a bright, happy smile.

Our beautiful world! God's power
  Preserves what He loveth so dear;
Had man such perfection this hour,
  We should walk a Paradise here.
Our beautiful world! Oh, wrong
  To paint it in darkness and age!
Nature carols a joyous song,
  And laughs at the sad-hearted sage.

HOW SWEET THY TASKS, THOU LITTLE FLOWER!

How sweet thy tasks, thou little flower,
  Pure, beautiful, and gay!
To deck the garden's Summer bower,
  The lane's green, winding way!
Or in some lonely dell to bloom,
Or cheer the sick one's mournful room.

How sweet thy tasks, thou little flower!
  To charm each gazer's sight,
Drest by dear Nature, sun and shower
  Making thy robes so bright,
No toil, no anxious thought, the breeze
Murmuring thy praise—thy sweethearts, bees.

How sweet thy tasks, thou little flower!
  With scents to fill the air!
To grace a queen's proud throne an hour,
  To make the cottage fair;

E'en angels stooping from the sky
Might love thee for thy purity.

How sweet thy tasks, thou little flower,
By Beauty prized, caressed!
To make within her locks a bower,
Or nestle on her breast;
To cheer her sense in halls of pride,
And kiss her light step, when a bride.

THE STAR-WORSHIPPER.

Hail! lamp of beauty burning
O'er perished daylight's bier!
To thee love's brow is turning,
The light he deems most dear:
Sparkle, thou gem, the rarest
Hewn from the mines of space!
Of all the diamonds fairest,
Night's coronet that grace.

Unclose, thou eye of brightness!
Whose lids have shut all day;
Smile through those locks of lightness,
The clouds that 'round thee stray.
How sweet to watch thee beaming,
Fair star, in yon abyss!
Thou seem'st, to fancy's dreaming,
A lovelier world than this.

Then smile, thou orb of glory!
And charm our vision here;
Sleeping on mountains hoary,
Gilding the night-flower's tear.
Sparkle, thou gem, the rarest
Hewn from the mines of space!
Of all the diamonds fairest,
Night's coronet that grace.

WHEN MOST DO I THINK OF THEE?

When most do I think of thee,
My brave one in distant land?
Not when sunshine is smiling on me,
And friends around me stand:
Not in bustling, noisy streets,
Nor in crowds where laughter is heard,
Where the heart no true heart meets,
And no tender emotion is stirred.

When most do I think of thee?
'Tis at evening's silent hour,
When memory's angel with me
Sits awake in her starry bower;
When she paints past blissful days,
Then I feel thee wanting, love;
O'er the wide, wide sea I gaze,
Then I weep thy absence, love.

When most do I think of thee?
'Tis when cares overcast life's skies,
And none can my comforters be,
And the heart in its bitterness sighs:
Like some bird that pines for its nest,
To thy bosom I then would flee;
There only the wife can rest;
Yes, in grief I think chiefly of thee.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE BELLS.

Bells! with your loud defiant notes,
Of victory proudly telling,
A spirit in your music floats,
Exultant, booming, swelling:
Bells! when the new year springs to birth,
Out from the steeple ringing,
Ye sound like hope's sweet voice to earth,
A happier era bringing.

Bells! through the fragrant morning air,
Sending your merry voices,
Ye murmur of a wedded pair,
While every heart rejoices:
Ye speak of bosoms bounding light,
Thus swelling, rising, pealing,
Of a long future blest and bright,
Love's vows with music sealing.

Bells! from the tower so old and gray,
  At evening softly swinging,
Bidding adieu to dying day,
  The thrush in concert singing;
Ye summon from the tombs of years
  Memories long darkly lying,
Until our eyes o'erflow with tears,
  Our words are lost in sighing.

THE ECHO IN THE VALE.

I HEARD an echo in the vale,
  It floated musically there,
Till the soft-pulsing, fragrant gale
  Seemed love's own melting voice to bear;
    Back from the rocks it fell,
    With silver-softened swell,
  And, whispering, died along the air.

What wert thou, Echo? tell me, sweet;
  The spirit of some love-lorn maid,
Who would her earthly vows repeat?
  Or did some angel charm the shade?
    The pure, full anthem ringing,
    As all the caves were singing—
  A little bird that music made.

Thus oft in life a golden treasure
From source we ne'er expected springs;
Thus oft in life the sweetest pleasure
Will flow from small and trivial things;
Rich echo floated wide,
And all that vale replied,
Charmed by a bird with speckled wings.

THE VALLEY OF CHILDHOOD.

SWEET vale, where I rambled, a reckless child,
Mid brooks and wild flowers, my spirit as wild,
Thy river, thy church-bells, still chime in my ears,
I see thy green beauty through memory's tears.

Since I quitted thy shade, no flowrets that shine,
No streamlets that glide, seem radiant as thine;
No music of art, no magic of words,
Sound sweet as thy bells, or the songs of thy birds.

The needle is far from the pole it obeys,
So my foot from thy solitude distantly strays;
But true to the North as that needle will be,
My heart, lovely valley, turns constant to thee.

Sweet vale, where I rambled, a reckless child,
Mid brooks and wild flowers, my spirit as wild,
Thy river, thy church-bells, still chime in my ears,
I see thy green beauty through memory's tears.

THE GOOD AND FAIR.

Love thou all things good and fair,
From the mighty stars of God,
To the lark that hymns in air,
To the flower that decks the sod:
Love will make thine eyes beam bright,
As the eyes of angels shine;
Hatred, with a cloud, will blight
All things beauteous and divine.

Love the infant rill that leaps
Sparkling, laughing, under willows;
Love old ocean as he sweeps,
With his voice of stormy billows:
Love the valley, love the mountain
Holding converse with the sky;
Love the minnow in the fountain,
And the insect glittering by.

Love mankind, and smile, and bless;
Heap no evil on thy foe;
Love is peace, is happiness,
Hate another name for woe:

Love at first from heaven descended,
Giv'n to cheer our night of ill;
'Tis with all things beauteous blended,
'Twould make earth an Eden still.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

"A garden of mixed growth—of plants and flowers;
"A wood where varied birds pipe varied song,
"Confessions of a heart, not sending forth
"A wail of discontent and selfish grief,
"But seeing light in heav'n, and good on earth."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

As Spring, blithe maiden, tripping soft and light,
With happy, beaming eyes,
Doth cold and sullen Winter put to flight,
And cheer all earth and skies;
So woman's love makes warm man's frigid heart,
Bidding his moody dreams and gloom depart.

As Summer sports in rich, luxurious bowers,
Her cheeks all rosy mirth,
Scatters on every bank delicious flowers,
And beautifies the earth;
So woman's smile our brightened homes will bless,
Making life gay with flowers of loveliness.

As teeming Autumn yields her precious store,
Ripe fruits and bending corn,
Heaping abundance, till, for flowing o'er,
She scarce can hold her horn;
So woman's love a wealth of joy will yield,
All heart-fruits gathered from that fertile field.

Without yon sun—kind source of heat and light,
What were the earth we boast?
An orphan thing, wide wrapt in frost and night,
A sad world's wandering ghost;
So man, cold, dark, all cheerlessly would move
Along life's path, bereft of woman's love.

As the chaste lady moon, with brow serene,
Climbing the stormy sky,
Soon spreads her calming silver o'er the scene,
And bids the dark clouds fly;
So woman's love sweet influence sheds on life,
Brightens its gloom, and stills the storms of strife.

As gold, hot-glowing in the furnace-flame,
Defies heat's wasting might,
And, unconsumed, doth issue forth the same,
Only more pure and bright;
So 'mid fierce trials true love ne'er expires,
Made purer by affliction's searching fires.

In the great tune of being, discords oft
The unruly passions raise,
But there's a harmony which, sweet and soft,
Tempers the jarring lays;
'Tis woman's love which that link'd music lends,
And where its sweetness gushes, discord ends.

As mosses weave a beauty 'round decay,
Hiding the rents of years,
Till on the mournful ruin, worn and gray,
A gentle smile appears;

So woman's love gives beauty and a grace
To poverty's poor, shattered dwelling-place.

The purest fount of joy, the tenderest light
Cheering the heart of woe,
Lending to strength a softness, weakness might,
Heaven's choicest gift below,
The comforter in sickness, still above
Owning its source—such, such is woman's love.

THE HISTORY OF THE HEART.

Bounding,
Through buoyant childhood's days too bright to last,
When earth seems Eden, clad with fadeless flowers,
Grief spreads no cloud, care brings no cutting blast,
But hope and joy make sunny all the hours.

Throbbing,
When first into its secret, thrilling cells,
Love enters tremulous, and all things seem
In that strong passion lost, and rapture dwells
Around, above, and brightens every dream.

Panting,
In life's proud morn, when high ambition longs
To battle in the world, and win a name;
To tower a patriot, righting others' wrongs,
Or, as a statesman, urge a path to fame.

Burning,
In manhood's noon for wisdom, and to reach
The sky-robed tops of Learning's mighty hills;
To understand what sun and star would teach,
And all that with amaze the spirit fills.

Bleeding,
For loss of dear ones on life's weary road,
Who with love's gentle smiles will bless no more;
Weighed down by great misfortune's heavy load,
And weeping hopes interred, and pleasures o'er.

Sighing,
In the mild, mellow autumn of our days,
For calm retirement in some nook of peace,
Where the great city's tumult, and the blaze
Lit up by worldly passions, all shall cease.

Longing,
In those blest hours of quietude, to hold
Commune with Nature, and launch thought all free,
Out on the infinite on pinion bold,
Speak with the past, and with eternity.

Swelling,
With gratitude at having lived so long,
And glowed with joy mid all that charms us here,
And for the hope, made beautiful and strong,
Of life and bliss above yon starry sphere.

In mirth, pain, rapture, taking thus thy part,
Such is thy history, Oh, thou throbbing heart!

THE WORSHIP OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

SAY, what is beauty? It is something beaming
  Glorious in this fair world to mind and eye;
It charmeth taste, and sets the heart a-dreaming,
  Perfection sweet, and golden harmony.

I see it in the dappled sky of morning,
  Those pale rose-tints, and that vermillion deep;
And in the flaming clouds the West adorning,
  When Eve sows rubies on the glowing steep.

I see it in the long-drawn winding river,
  Its sloping banks where ivory lilies grow;
In oval lakes o'er which, with whispering quiver,
  The tassel'd willows bend, soft glassed below.

I mark it in each flower that Nature painteth,
  With brush more cunning than the artist boasts;
The eye is charmed, the sense for fragrance fainteth,
  Eden not lost while bloom the floral hosts.

I read it in the cascade arched and flashing,
  In heaven's bright bridge pleased angels journey o'er,
And in broad ocean, not storm-tossed and dashing,
  But when with kisses soft he prints the shore.

I view it in the stars, those isles of glory,
Those flowers that nightly prank the fields of sky—
Stars, choiring seraphs singing their bright story,
In lofty anthems through eternity.

I find it in the works of tasteful mortals;
Beauty is pillar'd in the Grecian shrine,
Breathes through cathedral aisles, in Moorish portals,
And in the statue deathless and divine.

But more I read it, and with tenderer feeling,
In the soft pencill'd lines of human grace,
Beauty its charms entrancingly revealing
In woman's sylph-like form and speaking face.

Then I behold this beauty in the dreaming
Of lofty mind, and all pure soul conceives;
In noble deeds with light immortal beaming,
And every web of good that Virtue weaves.

O yes, this world, in spite of hearts denying,
Teems with fair things, breathes beauty's spell around;
Through realms of matter, mind, one truth is crying,
From stars of heaven to flowers that deck the ground:

All, all is full of light, and love and beauty;
Let us joy's flowers, not weeds of sadness cull;
And journeying onward, be it still our duty
To choose the good, and bless the beautiful.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

WHERE are they now, the loved but long departed,
The gentle, true, and kind,
Who left us on life's road, foot-worn, sad-hearted,
With wounds time scarce may bind?

Where are they now? abroad when we may wander,
Do they beside us move,
Mourn when we mourn, reflect, too, when we ponder,
Answering, unmarked, our love?

When, bowed by sickness, we are helpless lying,
Stand they about our bed?
Soothe they our pain? and when our hearts are sighing,
Hope's comfort do they shed?

Haunt they the valley once so loved, adoring
God in the beauteous flowers,
Listening to rills, and birds joy-anthems pouring,
Charmed as in mortal hours?

Wander their spirits by the sounding ocean,
Reading in storms heaven's might,
Feeling 'mid glorious scenes sublime devotion,
Raised to thought's loftiest height?

Or on the clouds of splendour are they floating,
When sunset fires the skies,
The opal gates, and golden paths, denoting
The way to paradise?

Or have they ris'n to yonder star, whose whiteness
Of purity doth tell,
Walking in loveliness the hills of brightness—
Land where no sorrows dwell?

Where are they now? oh, where? the lost, the vanished,
Love's cords of silver riven;
Near or afar, on earth or ever banished,
Enough, they are in heaven.

And where that heaven? if in the blue above us,
Depths of eternal rest,
Or in some orb which, shining, seems to love us;
Enough, that they are blest.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

Ye who gaze on God's blue sky,
Walk the meadows, scent the flowers,
Cannot grasp the agony,
E'en in thought, of my past hours—
Lonely, lonely, all alone,
With no human voice, no sound,
Pent within damp walls of stone,
All my world that narrow bound—

Oh, the horror who can tell,
Of the solitary cell?

Night might fall, or day might waken,
Day and night the same to me;
Were my cell by earthquake shaken,
That at least some change would be:
But my lot was changeless ever,
Nought to mark slow time I knew—
One Dead Sea where breezes never
O'er the poisoned waters blew:
Oh, the sadness who may tell
Of the lonely, silent cell?

How I've longed to see the features
Of home's darlings, none may know;
E'en one word from human creatures
Would have soothed my pining woe;
But no face—no voice—no greeting—
Silent, lonely, still alone;
Souls were made for social meeting,
Hearts, though erring, are not stone:
Oh, the misery who may tell
Of the solitary cell?

Pacing, pacing, to and fro,
Now across and back again;
Gazing upward, then below,
Like a tiger in his den;
With no book to please or cheer me,
Feeding on my own sad heart,
Sometimes fancying people near me,
Weeping as their shades depart:

Oh, the horror who may tell
Of the lonely, silent cell?

When, out-worn, deep sleep has bound me,
Free again I've roved in dreams,
Hills, and vales, and flowers around me,
Basking in the sun's glad beams;
Friends, wife, children! tarry longer!
But the happy dream would flee,
And I woke, my anguish stronger,
No one there, save grief and me:
Oh, the torment who may tell
Of that lonely, silent cell?

Let me labour, crushed and weary;
Give me stripes—I'll calmly bear;
But the long hours, dark and dreary,
And the stillness—torture there!
Memory's burden, brooding sadness—
Living inly, and yet dead—
Thoughts that pierce and turn to madness,
Days of languor, nights of dread:
Oh, the horror who may tell
Of the lonely, silent cell?

THE BIRTHDAY OF SHAKSPEARE.

AN ODE.

[Written on the occasion of the Tercentenary celebration of the Poet's Birth].

APRIL, with sun and shower,
Chequered the meadows, and the lanes were gay
With purple bells, and many a honeyed flower,
While mated birds piped joyous roundelay:
Nature had dashed off Winter's chilly tear,
And put on laughter for a look severe;
She decked her brow with wreaths of freshest bloom,
And, from her locks, dew-sprinkled, shook perfume;
'Twas at this season, though no dreaming sage
Foretold his coming in Heaven's starry page,
When warmer suns kissed earth, and winds reposed,
That Genius smiled, and SHAKSPEARE's eyes unclosed.*

The infant in its cradle lay,
With lily brow and peachy cheek,
Like other infants, frail as they,
And if we should resemblance seek,
'Twas like a half-blown rose, the bee
Loves more for its sweet privacy;

* Born the 23rd of April, 1564.

Thin, silky locks, of curly grace,
The cheeks all dimples and all laughter,
Tear-drops one moment on that face—
A cloud, and instant sunshine after;
In him you saw but Nature's child,
Evincing slowly human feeling,
A thing of beauty, helpless, mild,
And opening sense, and thought, revealing;
And, as the infant grew and smiled,
More soul seemed, sun-like, o'er it stealing;
And days evolved its little powers,
As Spring calls forth earth's hidden flowers.

O favoured Mother of the embryo great!
The Titan to o'ertop Mind's lesser throng,
On whom, one day, pride, rank, like slaves would wait,
The Drama's lord, the lofty king of song!
Little she dreamt, while loving watch to keep,
And singing soft her cradled babe to sleep,
The tiny object of her anxious care,
So sweetly frail, and innocently fair,
Would from oblivion snatch her lowly name,
And on his father's cast an envied fame,
Weave 'round his own a halo, brighter far
Than circles lordly heads, or chiefs of war,
Live in the hearts of millions yet unborn,
Bringing to Drama's night refulgent Morn,
And charm wherever mind its standard rears,
His country's glory for all coming years.

Obscuring mists wrap Shakspeare's early hours,
But many a Spring fringed Avon's banks with flowers

And still he roamed where those calm waters glide,
Hiving men's lore, yet Nature for his guide;
He wandered cowslipp'd meads and woods of green,
Drinking, through soul, rich nectar from the scene,
Gazed on the skies, and nursed bright golden dreams,
That turned to deathless song in after day,
And saw the Elfin tribes of vales and streams,
Now glowing in his gorgeous fairy lay.*
Here, too, he felt love's might,
And thought Anne Hathaway's enthralling eyes
More beauteous than the violet's dainty dyes,
Her brow than Avon's lily all more white.
He owned the spell which wisest sages
Have bowed to, through revolving ages,
Nor lost, like Romeo, his dear love,
But wooed and caught the white-winged dove;
And Hathaway within his breast,
With dreams of glory, made her gentle nest.†

But not entranced at Nature's glowing feet,
Nor at love's myrtle-shaded shrine,
Nor in domestic pleasure's quiet seat,
Was Shakspeare doomed to sit supine.
He left calm Avon for the city's strife,
To join a battle there—the fight of life,
Feeling a strength of soul that mocked at fear,
Like some great hero of old time,
Assurance of a coming high career—
Strength drawn from source sublime;

* *The Midsummer Night's Dream.*

† Shakspeare married Anne Hathaway at the close of 1582, being then in his nineteenth year.

An inward power to scale fame's mountains hoary,
And crown his name with world-enduring glory.

He toiled 'mid crowds, caught life's most varied hues;
No flower unto the bee did sweets refuse;
Through mazy tracts of soul 'twas his to wind,
His own, his own, the mighty world of Mind!
There every land he trod, untrod before—
  Each passion-wilderness, thought's shadowy dell,
Each nook of character, each ruin hoar
  Where ghosts of kings and heroes love to dwell;
And beauty was to him the boundless deep,
O'er whose bright bosom still would genius sweep:
All passions, feelings, unto mortals known,
  He grasped, portrayed, expounding life's great dream;
Yes, the wide world of Mind was Shakspeare's own,
  And there he reigned supreme.

A long procession dazzles fancy's eye,
  Born of the poet's teeming brain!
Hamlet, the grave, deep thinker, wanders by,
  Mourning a father slain.
Othello, jealous madness in his breast,
  Comes like a blast of terror, while he hears
  Sweet Desdemona praying midst her tears,
Ere his wrath sends her to eternal rest.
See hunchback Richard, full of guile,
Wooing "the lady" with his crafty smile,
And black-soul'd Shylock, with his lovely daughter,
A star bright-mirrored in night's sable water:

Macbeth, pale, conscience-stricken, mute and still,
As rushes by that tempter fair,
Hers the ambition, daring, and stern will—
Rushes with blood-stained hand, and streaming hair.
Hark to Ophelia's sigh of fruitless love!
And Juliet, tender as a new-fledged dove,
Wailing o'er perished Romeo, ere she dies
To embrace his soul, and love him in the skies.

Thus Shakspeare, painting as with living beams,
Gave strong reality to gorgeous dreams,
Merged his own self in beings fancy drew,
Till nought seems fancy, but each picture true.
His humour, wit, like sunrise, render bright
The saddest life-clouds, with their mellow light;
While sage reflection casts a guiding ray,
Moon of the soul, on Error's midnight way.

Thou Greece, where Sophocles could melt to tears!
Thou Rome, where Plautus filled the heart with mirth;
Match me with England's bard!—O procreant years!
Many flash forth, the glorious sons of earth;
Mark fiery Calderon, and sweet Racine,
Lofty Corneille, who tragic walks would dare,
And Kotzebue with a pathos deep and keen,
And earnest Schiller, laying passion bare—
Gaze on these lights, true stars in letters' sky,
Then view the rising of the elder sphere!
The mighty sun of genius bursts on high;
How pale, how dim, the younger orbs appear!
He blazes on the world,
His glory-flag unfurled;

And with one flood of dazzling light,
He charms, o'erpowers the intellectual sight.

Now Earth, in green array,
Untired, exultant, 'round the sun,
Has thrice a hundred years her journey run,
Since Shakspeare saw the day.
A Nation rises, holding genius dear,
To honour him, whose great career,
And whose time-hallowed, brilliant name,
Shed lustre that can never die,
And add a fame to Britain's fame,
And through the ages, like a flame,
Gleam out on every eye.
A million glowing hearts this day
Would hail the mighty Poet's birth,
And, soul's rich incense, tribute pay
To genius charming earth.
Hark! festive joy-bells merrily ring,
And gaiety spreads wide her wing;
In Thespis' courts applauses sound—
His own peculiar, magic ground;
In the great city throngs have met,
In distant town, in busy mart;
Never was bard so worshipp'd yet,
Extoll'd by mind, and loved by heart.
And see where storied Avon laves
Its aldered banks by Stratford town,
The pilgrim-thousands pour their waves;
There Shakspeare claims his laurel crown—

A wreath more bright than bays which shone
On Petrarch's, or on Tasso's head;
Yet spirit must they crown alone,
And sound their pæans o'er the dead.
Rank, talent, worth, unite to pay
Honour to him long past away;
The woods, the stream, the old mossed tower,
That change not with the passing hour,
Recall the great one; all is full
Of Shakspeare, and gone glorious years;
His image makes more beautiful
The scenes where beauty's self appears.
Care, sadness, banished for awhile,
Each seems a friend, and each to smile.
Along the meads fair forms are straying,
Rich dresses float, and bright eyes gleam;
And children 'mid the flowers are playing,
Like fairies in the Poet's dream;
Bright flags wave high among the trees,
Glad voices sound on every breeze;
While music softening influence brings;
And sweetly down the valley swells,
Opening all memory's gushing springs,
The silvery peal of ancient bells.

But not alone shall Britain hail the day
Of Shakspeare's birth—far shines his glory's ray;
Where'er our Saxon race, like light, hath spread
Knowledge and mental culture through the world;
Where many a Western city lifts its head,
And white Niagara is downward hurled;

Where o'er the Cape vine-ripening Summer smiles,
And musky winds fan India's spicy Isles;
Where proud Bengal lies basking in the beam,
And Ganges pours his long, long, palmy stream;
And where that sea-girt Continent extends,
Whose wealth the thews of power to England lends
Where corn-fields rustle, shepherds pen the fold,
And ancient valleys burn with hoarded gold:
This day shall countless spirits boast the fame
Of laurel'd Shakspeare, and extol his name,
Millions confess the spell that genius throws
O'er life's dull paths, to charm our cares and woes.

The vision closes; yet once more we give
Homage to him who, dead, will ever live—
Live in his own great heroes, seeming still
Weird fancy's halls with gorgeous forms to fill.
Raise him a monument that long shall last!
Yet time in dust Art's grandest work will cast;
There is a prouder monument which soul
  Builds of enduring lofty thought;
Vainly around its base time's torrents roll;
  'Tis of an adamant eternal wrought:
His wondrous works, whose marvels all may see,
Applaud and love, this nobler pile shall be;
His wondrous works, that ne'er shall know decay,
But gather strength as ages surge away,
Live till our language dies, and Taste be o'er,
His mighty monument for evermore.

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

A HOSPITAL SCENE DURING THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

Softly, softly treading;
As if a common footstep ill would suit
A place of so much suffering; 'mid the moans
Of racking pain that cannot all be mute,
You hear her low, sweet tones.

Gently, gently gliding,
From couch to couch, and plying woman's skill,
Braving the sight of wounds, a woman's eye
And tender heart might shrink from; yielding still
Comfort to agony.

Kindly, kindly holding
The hand once strong in battle, now so frail,
It cannot move to intimate a want;
Wiping the clammy brow, and lips so pale—
Nothing her heart can daunt.

Mildly, mildly calming
The young man grieving at his early fate,
His dreams of glory phantasms of the brain;
Asking for mother, father, loved too late,
And her now loved in vain.

Sweetly, sweetly smiling
On the sad brave who would some token give
To dear-loved wife and child on Rhone's green shore;
She cheers him with the hope he yet shall live,
And clasp his babes once more.

Gently, gently soothing
The dying one's last anguish, speaking balm
To tost and weary souls, and in God's page
Reading of that blest place of endless calm,
Where wars no more shall rage.

Thus loving, loving spirit!
To these sad tasks thou dost soft nature bend,
Leaving perchance home's comforts, friendships dear,
To walk the house of agony, and tend
War's hapless victims here.

O woman, angel-hearted!
Compassionate sister, bearing Mercy's name,
Urging thy generous labours, God pour down
All blessings on thee! not poor mortal fame,
Be thine Heaven's fadeless crown!

FRENCH AND ENGLISH BEAUTIES.

Tripping gently, tripping lightly,
With small foot that wakes no sound;
Glancing keenly, glancing brightly,
On each dear-loved object round.

Figure slender, jetty tresses
Fillets might be proud to bind;
Eye that sparkles and expresses
All the active, joyous mind.

At the shrine of pleasure kneeling,
Reckless of the future years,
For the moment deeply feeling,
But soon dashing off her tears.

Pleased with all things, talking, smiling,
Cheerful star 'mid sorrow's night,
From her bosom care exiling,
Mere existence a delight.

With no deep thoughts spirit-laden,
Yet most rich in fancy's fire;
Such is Gallia's light-souled maiden;
Praise her, love her, and admire.

Saxon beauty! on my dreaming,
Pensive, radiant vision, rise!
Moving proudly, yet still seeming
Mild of mien, with love-soft eyes.

There she leans—faint-blushing roses,
Softest hues from morning caught,
Tint her cheek, where calm reposes;
Smooth that brow, the throne of thought,

Plainly classic, richly shining,
Back is drawn the dark-brown hair;
As the moon with silver lining,
Makes at eve fair clouds more fair;

So the soul doth fling more brightness
On the form already bright;
Beauty, graceful in its lightness,
Winning, growing on the sight.

With the statue's fine ideal,
Carved by matchless Grecian skill,
She doth mingle all the real,
Warmer, but as perfect still.

Sunny as the heavens above her,
Looking virtue, shine her eyes,
Spirit's home; who would not love her,
And that English beauty prize?

Truth, affection, and deep feeling,
Nestle, dove-like, in her breast;
Guardian angels! round her stealing,
Watch her, guide her, make her blest!

DREAMING OF PARADISE.

Dreaming, dreaming through the noon-day hours,
  Thinking where that far, blissful region lies,
Region of living streams and fadeless flowers—
  Dreaming of paradise;
Where they who lately trod
This weary, darkened sod,
In vales of beauty stray,
Dashing all tears away.

Dreaming, dreaming at the sunset time,
  Watching the glories of the mellowed skies,
That burn with opal gates, and towers sublime—
  Dreaming of paradise;
Thinking if that rich road
Leads to the blest abode—
Those ruby walls the bound
Of Heaven's wide dazzling ground.

Dreaming, dreaming, gazing through the night,
  While swiftly upwards trembling fancy flies,
Hailing the stars as finger-posts of light,
  Pointing to paradise:
Asking if Hope may view
Heaven's seats in that deep blue,
Where all things brightly shine,
Calm, hallowed, and divine.

Dreaming, dreaming, pondering on the hours
When Eden bloomed on earth, and angel-eyes
Smiled on the dwellers of those radiant bowers—
Mourning for paradise;
There man first breathed; at last,
When mortal ills are past,
Again he shall be blest
With bowers of endless rest.

Dreaming, dreaming, fancying what may be
The employment of the happy in the skies;
Will they hive knowledge through eternity,
Or love in paradise?
View glories near and far,
Journey from star to star,
Or join the seraph-throng,
Filling Heaven's halls with song?

Dreaming, dreaming, thinking how the soul,
Freed from Earth's chains, to higher life will rise;
How it will pass the glory-clouds that roll,
Infolding paradise;
Of meetings there; delight
That naught will dim or blight;
No grave, no sighs, no tears,
Through blest eternal years.

THE CRY OF THE UNRESIGNED.

Come back! my child, come back! my lost, my own!
Too soon hath cruel death
Stopt my young darling's breath,
Too soon her heavenly soul to heaven hath flown.
The flowers so prized by thee,
The softly-chiming sea,
The brook whose voice was dear,
The birds you loved to hear,
Singing in noon's white rays, to me now black—
Join with my soul, and cry—come back! come back!

It may be impious, may be cruel too,
But from the bowers above,
Where thou, like some white dove,
Dost sit in purity amidst the blue,
I'd bring thee down to earth,
Where all hearts knew thy worth;
Any thing in my madness,
Any thing in my sadness,
So I could have thee near,
Fold thee, and kiss thee, dear:
O angels, hear me! bear her down yon track
Of luminous stars—lost child! come back! come back!

Whether I sit alone at morn or night,
Praying to be resigned,
Strengthening with hope my mind,
Striving to chase thee from my inner sight;

In vain; still thought will fly
To blissful days gone by;
Anguish doth tear my soul,
The tempest mocks control;
I rail at fate, my spirit on a rack,
And still I cry—sweet saint! come back! come back!

To my fond soul thou wert a vernal sun;
I warmed in thee, loved child,
Thy beams so softly-mild;
My thoughts from thee, poor flowers, their fragrance won;
Now all is night, blind night,
Set my dear orb of light;
Friends strive in vain to cheer me,
Thou, thou no longer near me;
In darkness thick I grope,
Without my sun, my hope.
O Heaven, forgive this crime! my heart is black,
Thus, unresigned, to cry—come back! come back!

I loved thee stronger as time winged its flight,
Engrossingly and madly;
All virtues seemed to clad thee;
Thy mother's voice, her eyes of sunniest light:
And thou didst also love me,
Though beautiful, above me,
As rainbow o'er a hill;
Thy soul I worship still,
But oh, I crave more, more—
To have thee on life's shore,
To hear thee, fold thee, kiss thee—down the track
Of yonder blue, descend! come back! come back!

THE MAID OF THE ISLES.

The Scilly Isles were faintly burning,
As day's red chariot westward rolled;
The wave its dashing spray was turning
To powdered rubies, dust of gold.

Beauty on these wild rocks was beaming,
Beauty more bright than lustrous eve;
Such vision fancy, sweetly dreaming,
In fairyland will sometimes weave.

Slender and lithe as Spring's young willow,
She stooped to gather samphire there;
The sun, half sleeping on his pillow,
Woke up to view a form so fair;

And lingered, smiling warmly, brightly,
On peach-soft cheek and rounded arms;
And as she tripp'd o'er rocks so lightly,
He bathed in richest beams her charms.

Back from her brow dishevell'd, glowing,
In long brown masses streamed her hair;
The breeze aside her mantle blowing,
Her tiny feet glanced white and bare.

Her eyes now rested on the ocean—
Great eyes that let out all the soul;
Her breast was like the wave in motion,
As sweetest thoughts upon her stole.

Here life's young morning passed; the glory
Of English cities—palace, tower,
To her a vague and dreamy story,
Nought to her heart birth, pride, or power.

The vales that boasted scanty tillage,
The venturous fisher's sail unfurled,
The wandering goats, the humble village,
Seemed to her untaught soul—the world.

Thus grew she, nurtured 'mid the roaring
Of that great ocean, never still,
Free as the eagle sunward soaring,
Wild as the wild-flower on the hill.

Now see her nimbly, goat-like, springing,
As lingering day's soft smiles depart;
Now hear her like a joy-bird singing,
In the warm summer of her heart.

O Island Beauty! would the splendour,
Wealth, pomp, by distant lands possessed,
Thy simple life more lovely render,
Or make thy gentle soul more blest?

THE SPIRIT OF RUIN.

When man was banished Eden's bowers,
I sprang to dark and dreaded birth;
The sparkling springs, the new-born flowers,
I dimmed, I crushed in mocking mirth:
I shook the glittering crystal walls,
And where bright birds, with starry wings,
Sang to the diamond waterfalls,
And wandered gentlest, loveliest things,
I brought the vulture, tiger, snake,
To prey and rend, to howl and hiss;
Poisons I planted in each brake—
Sweet to mine eyes a scene like this.
Ay, revel on, and proudly shine,
Exulting earth! thou'rt mine, thou'rt mine

O'er Babylon I spread my plume;
Her brazen gates, her gardens fair,
Her sceptred kings, received their doom—
A voiceless waste now darkens there.
I sped to Salem's sacred tower,
Smiled on the stubborn, haughty Jew;
Her blazing Temple owned my power,
My trumpet on her walls I blew.
Memphis that shone by Nile's broad wave,
And Tadmor making deserts gay,
Carthage that laws to nations gave—
I stretched my wand, and where were they?
Yes, revel on, and proudly shine,
Cities of earth! you're mine, you're mine!

To Europe next I wing'd my flight;
On Græcia's shore, 'neath sunny skies,
I saw, in marble beauty bright,
The statue smile, the pillar rise:
By Pallas' shrine I took my stand,
And viewed the column'd plain below;
Ne'er was a scene more proud and grand,
Ne'er did more beauty burn and glow.
I raised my phial, slowly poured
Its poison-drops on Athens' head;
Those drops were ages, flood, and sword—
Her temples sank, her glory fled;
All, all, except the poet's line,
Yielded to time's dark spell, and mine!

My home is now by Tiber's tide;
I watch the seven-hilled city fall;
Daily I crush some arch of pride,
And chant my song in Cæsar's hall.
And from that site of fallen power,
Northward at times I speed my way,
To robe with moss some feudal tower,
And in young cities plant decay.
And when wars fail, with ages slow,
To bow their pride, I waste with fire;
I laugh 'mid shrieks of human woe,
And clap my hands o'er each red pyre;
My joy, my strength, shall ne'er decline,
All, save man's soul, is mine, is mine

THE EVENING OF LIFE.

Oft, after storms, ere Nature drops to sleep,
What beauty sunset brings,
Crowning with saintly halos every steep,
Peace spreading wide her wings!

Such is life's closing hour; the tranquil scene,
After dark trials, bright—
An hour oft beautiful, and oft serene
With mind's pure, mellowing light.

Youth, with the airy step and frolic eye,
Smooth brow, and cheek of bloom!
Dread not the time when these prized charms must fly,
Think not calm age is gloom!

What though your glossy black or sunny hair
Be streaked ere long with white,
Think not the soul will shine with beams less fair;
For soul there comes no night.

Age—dear, expected haven of sweet rest,
Crossed the wild seas of life!
Close of a war, when passions in the breast
Lay by their arms of strife!

Blest season, when the soul mild thoughts will send,
Like doves, through earth and sky,
Action's strong flood subsided; when we end
Harsh thoughts in harmony.

Yes, farewell music from wide Nature peals,
Sweet to reflective hearts;
So richer glory o'er life's landscape steals,
As the warm beam departs.

Fond recollections cast their mellow haze
O'er hours of joy gone by;
The soul feels pleasure backward still to gaze,
Though she may pause to sigh.

Oh, many the delights that wait on age,
Unknown to earlier years!
Leisure to counsel youth, con wisdom's page,
And wipe pale Sorrow's tears.

In our arm-chair by book-lore we can roam,
View earth with fancy's eyes;
And we can hear the songs of love and home,
Murmuring of paradise.

Blest hour, when soul is peace, hopes lure no more,
Calm resignation given;
Tis as a bridge of gold, life's trials o'er,
Passing us on to heaven.

THE DYING FLOWER GIRL.

O BRING me flowers ! I long once more
To view their dear-loved, sunny bloom,
Kiss their bright leaves ere life be o'er,
And die upon their rich perfume ;
Man shapes his gems, God made the flowers,
Wafted to earth from heaven's own bowers.

O give me flowers ! my childhood's day
Passed 'mid their sweets, but ne'er again
My hand shall pluck them, decking gay
The lane, the wood, or mossy glen,
No more shall bear the fragrant spoil,
Death ending now my happy toil.

O give me flowers ! their beauteous dyes
Of innocence and virtue speak ;
Methinks the angels in yon skies
Are, like earth's flow'rets, pure and meek ;
Bright things, they sure might bloom above,
Symbols of peace and holy love.

O give me flowers ! as I depart
My lips would drink their honied breath,
Their odours, while they glad my heart,
Will chase the faintness e'en of death :
Place them before my closing eye,
I'll bless them, think of God, and die.

I hold them now, sweet, precious things,
  Dear lowly glories of the field;
As musing memory backward wings,
  These flowers a farewell rapture yield;
They speak to me of blissful years,
Unmark'd by pain, undimmed by tears.

The love I've read of, burning strong
  In woman's breast, through youth's warm hours;
The love that bards have given to song,
  I've lavished on these idol-flowers;
The passion, like a deepening stream,
Strengthens with life's fast-closing dream.

And when this heart shall cease to beat,
  Let flowers beside me breathe perfume;
O let me take them, fresh and sweet,
  Types of life's morning, to the tomb;
And on the turf, in after hours,
Spring up! spring up! dear worshipp'd flowers.

THE BLIND GIRL.

They tell her of an azure, arching sky,
  And a great sun that floods it all with light;
Their words are meaningless; she lifts her eye,
  But all is empty night;
And so she droops the lids with bitter sigh,
  Praying to God for sight.

They tell her of the forest-rustling hills,
And the green vales where wander sedgy streams,
And the vast sea which man with wonder fills;
Such pictures are but dreams:
No beauty-image her veiled spirit thrills,
Black, black, Creation seems.

They tell her of the countless flowers that bloom,
And preach of God, in meadow and on plain;
She feels their petals, drinks their rich perfume,
But oh! their hues are vain!
To her the laughing garden is a tomb,
Flower-glories yield a pain.

Dear heaven, while lifting up that brow so bright,
How oft the fair young girl hath heaved a sigh,
That mercy one brief hour would grant her sight,
To feast on earth and sky,
To know the meaning of that wonder—light;
Then happy would she die.

She turned her forehead to the warming sun,
Then to her pallid lips her flow'rets pressed;
She bent her head and sighed, like one undone,
Hopeless, uncheered, unblest;
She bent her head and sighed, while tears begun
To drop upon her breast.

Hark; 'twas the blackbird's voice; his flutings came
From neighbouring thickets; quickly you might trace
A change in those pale features; pleasure's flame
Broke o'er her meaning face,

And, as she blest the tuneful songster's name,
Tears to bright smiles gave place.

Yes, Nature's simplest music breathed a spell,
Charming, when nothing else could charm her woe,
On those sweet notes heart, fancy, seemed to dwell—
Notes dropp'd with golden flow;
Let not e'en blindness say to joy farewell,
While music thrills below.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE SWEET AND BITTER.

There flows no fountain in this world of ours,
So bright, alluring, sweet unto the lip,
Dancing in sunshine, fringed by honeyed flowers,
Where ardent youth still deems it bliss to sip,
Gladdening earth's scenes, and mirroring scenes above,
As the smooth, lucid stream of happy love.

And yet this fountain gushes oft in gloom,
And bears a bitterness within its tide;
For myrtle and for roses' fragrant bloom,
Dark plants of pain o'erhang its mournful side;
Taste not, shun carefully the dangerous brink;
Yet eager votaries oft will stoop and drink.

Flow on, flow on, exhaustless fount of love!
Without thy bitterness a precious stream;
The parent river waters plains above,
Those crystal waves through Paradise that gleam:
Lore, science, may exalt, but, wanting thee,
How dull, how barren, all life's paths would be!

Yet love, thou art a riddle, making strong,
And e'en heroic, hearts most frail before;
Now scattering resolutions, and along
Bearing resolves—weak foam on reason's shore;
Blinding the keen-eyed sage's boasted sight,
Casting down wisdom, and defying might.

Source of great bliss and grief—of happy smiles,
And tears which, like slow drops that fall on stone,
Can wear the heart away; thy sparkling wiles
Around some spirits like a summer thrown;
With all thy pains, thy sweets that can decoy,
We hail thee still, a blessing and a joy.

Then fountain, bright-waved fountain! sweep and flow
Adown the ages, gladdening human hearts!
Few pilgrims, journeying through this world of woe,
But taste thy waters ere life's day departs;
They ne'er will fail; souls live though bodies die;
Love's stream shall murmur through eternity.

SPARE HER, DEATH.

By her youth's unfading spring,
When hope's flowers are blossoming;
By her beauty's sunny light,
Not yet ready for the night;
By her eye's pure liquid ray,
Not yet meant to fade away;
Spare her, Death!

By her love for Nature's face—
Glory she delights to trace;
By her love of flowers, whose bloom
Cannot smile within the tomb;
By her joy in music's spell
Ne'er in silent vaults to swell;
Spare her, Death!

By her tender, yearning heart,
Grieving with each friend to part;
Wishing still to pass life's hours
In a world so fair as ours;
By her shrinking from the cold,
And the dark beneath the mould;
Spare her, Death!

By her mother, sadly weeping,
In her own her thin hand keeping,

Looking in her face so white,
And her eyes so strangely bright;
By her father's anxious fears,
By her loving sister's tears;
Spare her, Death!

Go, and hurl thy poisoned dart
At bowed sorrow's hopeless heart!
Strike at those who long for rest
On the bed of earth's calm breast,
Aged, fading from the scene;
Here the plant is fresh and green;
Spare her, Death!

Spare her, in her beauty, spare her!
From the warm world do not tear her;
Pity her, if thy hard heart
Ever felt keen pity's smart;
Turn thy cruel shaft away
From the youthful, lovely prey;
Spare her, Death!

THE MYSTERY OF MUSIC.

Call not music mere vibrations,
Pulsing, trembling, floating by,
Just to raise pleased, brief sensations,
Fruitless sounds, and born to die.

No, it is a spirit burning,
Subtile, lightning-like, in air;
Dormant it may lie, till turning
A true, living spirit there:

Wakened by the throat's fine quiver,
By the harp, or horn, or lyre:
God to charm us was the giver
Of this air-born thing of fire.

O the power of warblings golden,
Of a soft or mighty tone!
Men bowed down in ages olden,
And still bend at music's throne.

Earth contains no savage nation,
Where sweet sounds touch not the soul;
E'en the unreasoning, brute creation
Owns their strong and strange control.

Serpents, drawn by music, listen,
Birds glad warble unto birds,
And their quick eyes brightly glisten,
Songs their rich melodious words.

What doth cheer us when we languish,
Like the gush of simple lays?
What may soothe us when in anguish,
Like the songs of happier days?

Think not music swelling, pealing,
Or soft-breathing dulcet sighs,
Making molten hardest feeling,
Lifting earth-thoughts to the skies;

Perishes when past—Oh, never!
Science tells us each sweet tone
Must sound on, sweep on for ever,
E'en to God's high, distant throne.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL AND CHILD.

Guardian angels, breathing love,
Issue ever from heaven's portals,
Sent by Him who rules above,
Though unseen by dim-eyed mortals.

One of those bright creatures now
Glided from the seats Elysian,
With a glory round her brow,
Shining like a golden vision.

To our earth she shaped her flight,
Leaving in her path of fleetness
Slender lines of silvery light;
Thus she sang with heavenly sweetness.

Swiftly, swiftly, down the skies,
I will haste at pity's calling,
Where the light from evening's eyes
On yon lovely isle is falling.

Sweetly, sweetly, the perfume
  Floateth up from summer roses;
Round the humble cot they bloom,
  Where the mortal child reposes.

Gently, gently, wings I'll fold
  O'er the infant-cherub sleeping—
Curtains of soft downy gold,
  Evil spirits far off keeping.

Calmly, calmly, sweet one, rest!
  Thy young heart no sin defiling,
With thy pink hand on thy breast,
  With thy rose-cheek faintly smiling.

Brightly, brightly, I will show
  Scenes of glory to thy dreaming,
Such as man ne'er meets below,
  Paradise around thee gleaming.

Softly, softly, in heaven's bowers,
  Slumbering spirit, I will place thee;
Thou shalt pluck immortal flowers,
  And the angels shall embrace thee.

Slumber, slumber, fair-haired child,
  Type of all that's pure and holy;
God himself on infants smiled,
  For the lofty loves the lowly.

Nearer, nearer, then I'll bend,
As o'er streamlets hangs the willow,
And my sheltering wings extend,
Little saint, above thy pillow.

SPIRITS EVERYWHERE.

On soft gales that morn is bringing,
Over wood, and hill, and lea,
Spirits may be ever winging,
Though our eyes no form can see;
They may hear the blithe birds singing,
Mark gay flower, and waving tree,
Revel in the fountain springing,
Like its waters bright and free;
Hanging on the odorous air,
Glorying in the pure and fair,
Spirits, spirits, everywhere.

When the moon is whitely shining
On the level ocean-floor,
Stars their woof of beam-threads twining,
Thick they crowd the glimmering shore.
They love ocean's soft repining,
Music, too, its louder roar;
On the foam their shades reclining,
Ocean's ruler they adore,
Looking up through silvery air,
Loving the sublime and fair,
Spirits, spirits, everywhere.

All the globes with life are teeming;
Nought is empty, nought is vain;
Peopling ether is not dreaming,
Space, wide space the soul's domain:
Down they glide, and, round us beaming,
Share our joy, lament our pain,
Good hearts more than proud esteeming,
Breathing heaven on vale and plain!
Messages to earth they bear,
Making human souls their care,
Spirits, spirits, everywhere.

THE ORIENTAL BEAUTY.

Dark as starless, wintry night,
Fall her glossy ebon curls,
Loosely bound with circlet bright,
Reaching to her zone of pearls.

Smooth as veinless Parian stone,
Wrought to life by Attic skill,
Mellowing sunbeams on it thrown,
Shines that brow, serene and still.

Warm as hues to Nature given,
When the sun in ocean dips—
Hues that burn on blushing heaven—
Glow her cheeks and smiling lips.

Black and large as the gazelle's,
  Soft as April's showery skies,
Home where Orient passion dwells,
  Beam her sleepy, oval eyes.

Supple as the streamlet's willow,
  All too weak to front the storm,
Pressing the rich silken pillow,
  Slothful leans her graceful form.

Nursed in luxury, taught to think
  Little of the worth of mind,
Caring not to rise or sink,
  To her narrow sphere resigned;

See her wreathing emblem-flowers,
  Sporting with her prison'd dove,
While her slave, to charm the hours,
  Sings from Hafiz lays of love.

Oh, let Western maidens climb
  Hard Improvement's toilsome steep,
Soar on fancy's wing sublime,
  And thy harvest, Learning, reap:

Give her all the senses ask,
  Odours, jewels, gaudy dress—
She'll resign each mental task,
  Lapp'd in downy idleness.

Such is beauty in those climes
  Where a warmer summer laughs,
And the spirit, through all times,
  Luxury's sweetest poison quaffs.

Such that beauty, like a dream
  Each voluptuous, aimless day,
Idling in the rich hareem,
  Careless smiling life away.

THE MEETING OF THE LOVERS.

Those lovers lived where streams ran song,
Far from the city's boisterous throng.
We see them at the trysting-place,
  Timid as lovers ever are,
  At rising of love's early star;
We see his down-bent, pleading face.
The lashes veil her soft brown eyes,
Her bosom checks its tender sighs,
And as in under tones he speaks,
The mounting blushes stain her cheeks,
Red as the new-plucked rose she tears,
In love's dear, absent, winning airs;
And, in that sweet confusion, oft
  She dashes back her falling curls;
While lips, in uttering words most soft,
  Show, through their coral, glistening pearls;

And half she gives him, half withholds,
The small white hand, and sparkles now
Illume his eyes, as he beholds
Sweet "yes," upon her smiling brow.

His features glow, and tell how strong
Love's stream that bears his soul along.
Oh, joy most full—oh, dream most sweet,
That trembling hearts on earth can bless,
Where all dear thoughts, warm feelings meet—
Accepted love's first happiness!—
On wood, and stream, and hamlet, lie
The soft rich tints of dying day;
The cattle low as eve draws nigh,
The lark drops music from the sky,
The mavis answering far away;
The wild flowers shut their sleepy bells,
Bees, honey-laden, seek their cells,
While Peace, like some white angel, flies
Between the earth and fading skies,
Hushing the world as stars unclose,
Bringing to mortals kind repose.—
They grow more calm 'mid that serene,
Their hearts with bliss are brimming o'er,
And love throws beauty on the scene,
That ne'er such beauty owned before.

REST.

The sun hath quickened earth with burning eye,
Expanding flowers and brightening seas and rills,
And now, his journey finished in the sky,
He goes to sleep behind the curtained hills;
Trees droop their leaves, each bird hath sought its nest
Vales, mountains, call for rest.

Summer hath flushed the plains with warmth and bloom
And tasked the ground's fertility and strength;
Autumn hath reaped her stores; the last perfume
Dies in the vale, and winter comes at length;
Nature lies down with snow-wreaths on her breast,
And asks recruiting rest.

The child is chasing butterflies, and laughs,
And pants across the meads, with cheeks a-glow;
The sweetest wine of life its spirit quaffs,
Mocking, dear reckless thing, at care and woe;
And yet the happy one, soon worn, oppressed,
Drops into smiling rest.

The rustic strains his sinews at the plough,
Content to toil, not think, the live-long day;
He hears the village-clock, and wipes his brow,
And plods, with cheerful smile, his homeward way:
Amidst his babes, what makes his heart so blest?
'Tis labour's guerdon, rest.

The wealthy city merchant, passing life
In ceaseless tumult, planning, heaping gold,
Awaits the time when, ended toil and strife,
His wearied eyes shall some calm scene behold,
Some spot remote, where his long harassed breast
Will taste the sweets of rest.

When age makes white the head, and sears the heart,
And joy's poor cup hath little more to yield,
And we are called with those we love to part,
The last bowed, fainting gleaners in life's field,
What hope remains to soothe the mourner's breast?
The hope of heaven's bright rest.

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY.

The beautiful lady has raven hair,
Or auburn softly-gleaming;
Her forehead is ample, smooth, and fair,
Her eyes are large and beaming;
Blue as we paint the angel's eyes,
Or dark, their fire repressing;
Her cheek has the warmth of Summer skies,
Dimples soul's gladness expressing.

The beautiful lady's oval face
By its sweetness hearts will win;
Like the moon, it borrows its brightness and grace
From a sun, the spirit within;

Yes, mind o'er the sparkling features will play,
And worth write its letters of gold;
Without them she looks but lovely clay,
A model in marble cold.

The beautiful lady is tall and slight,
But graceful in every motion;
And her walk is like the sailing light
Of a ship on a glassy ocean;
But a beauty in form less tall is shrined,
With loving eyes witching as still,
With a lightsome step, and a cheerful mind,
All smiles like a sunshiny rill.

The beautiful lady can pensive be,
And thought on her brow will sit;
But oft'ner she tosses her head in glee,
And wins by her laughter and wit:
No sullenness ever her face will shade,
Good humour still sparkling there,
As a lovely flower more lovely is made
By the sun on a morning fair.

The beautiful lady will never forget
Her gentleness, gracious to all;
The virtues, like roses around her set,
Shedding sweets that never can pall:
No scorn on her brow, she cannot be proud
To her peers, to the needy or low;
And still, like a star that gilds a dark cloud,
Her presence sheds brightness on woe.

THE CONVALESCENT.

'Twas a calm morn in Spring; the sun, bright-glancing,
Shot life to earth;
The air was soft, and little rills ran dancing
In light and mirth.

She wandered forth, though feeble still, and whiteness
Her cheek o'erspread;
But oh, once more dear health's long absent brightness
Her soft eyes shed.

Slowly she trod the garden-walks; warm pleasure
Her senses thrilled;
Each flower seemed grown more lovely—a rich treasure
Which beauty filled.

The lark, high up, his joy to morning telling,
On winnowing wing,
Was like her heart, where happiness was swelling,
And yearned to sing.

After long drooping in a close, dull room,
With feeble breath,
Racked by keen pain, and curtain'd in still gloom,
Expecting death:

How blest, delightful, down the lane to ramble,
And pluck the May!
There was a beauty in the fern and bramble,
Veiled till that day.

Ne'er did the village to the squire's young daughter
Look half so bright;
The ragged children, playing by the water,
E'en charmed her sight.

The drowsy bell's low chimings, from the tower,
Like voices, stole;
More sweet, more touching, than in health's gay hour,
They soothed her soul.

She reached the cliffs, and far beneath were flowing
Waves with low roar;
Never so blue as now, so brightly glowing,
They kissed the shore.

Oh, that loved sea! to view again its splendour,
And hear its voice,
Bade soul deep thanks to her Creator render,
And heart rejoice.

She raised her eyes to heaven—soft blue to blue—
And, lowly kneeling,
To tears she yielded, while thought upward flew,
On wings of feeling.

SUMMER IS COME.

Summer is come; her eye is glowing
From out heaven's depths of cloudless blue,
In music sun-kissed streams are flowing,
And winds are warm, but fragrant too.
Loud pipes the thrush, a rapture feeling
In Nature's joy; upsprings more high
The russet lark, in circles wheeling,
To cool his pinions in the sky.

Summer is come; on plain and mountain,
I see her walk with rosy feet;
She sleeks her bright locks in the fountain,
Her purple zone unbound for heat;
In the sun's glory flowers are springing,
Of richest breath, and loveliest dyes,
Delighted bees around them winging,
While fairies drink their odorous sighs.

Summer is come; I see her flushing
On garden wall, in poppied dale;
The cherry 'neath green leaves is blushing,
Like some coy maid behind her veil.
Down in the dell where brooks are brawling,
To lave their hoofs the cattle stray;
The cuckoo from the wood is calling,
And blithely maidens toss the hay.

Summer is come; the heart rejoices,
With livelier bound the pulses beat;
From Nature's haunts a thousand voices
The flower-crowned, laughing goddess greet.
Oh, say not lovelier worlds are glowing
Among yon stars, than our bright sphere;
Summer around us glory throwing,
The charms of all are mingling here.

MOURN NOT.

Mourn not—through Nature's wide domain,
Nought droops in hopeless woe;
The flowers in gladness prank the plain,
The streamlets dancing flow;
The sun leaps up, and laughs away
Night's frown from off the world;
Birds blithely hymn their heaven-taught lay;
Then grief's black flag be furled!
While Nature's throbbing heart is glad,
Shall godlike man alone be sad?

Mourn not when first the infant's eyes
On earth's dark scenes unclose;
A stranger come to breathe life's sighs,
And wrestle with its woes;

But deem a wondrous thing has birth,
One more high race begun;
Mind, heaven-aspiring mind, has worth,
Surpassing star or sun;
A world may end by God's decree,
But soul shall never cease to be.

Mourn not for manhood doomed to spend
Hard years in toil and strife,
That nightshade with hope's flowers must blend—
Rough, rough the road of life:
Trials but make more pure the heart,
By woe are lessons taught;
Up! what were valour's boasted part,
No battle to be fought?
Did lightnings flash not, storms ne'er rave,
Disease would brood on land and wave.

Mourn not that time will take no rest,
With feathered feet on-sweeping,
That life's sun seeks so soon the west,
Dim twilight round us creeping;
Honour shall crown the head of snow,
Old age still rev'rence claim;
The soul more strong, more wise shall grow,
As feebler bends the frame,
And brighten in that lustre cast
From skies it hopes to reach at last.

PERSEVERANCE.

Success—all strive to climb that glorious hill,
To snatch that jewelled crown;
But some seem doomed to every cross and ill,
Meeting but fortune's frown.

Success—the word is like a trumpet sounding,
Urging us to the fight;
To win life's battle every heart is bounding,
Mind's swords are flashing bright.

Forward! in that great conflict thousands fall,
But some their heads rear high;
Faint hearts soon yield, proud courage sweeps o'er all,
And seizes victory.

Success—though long the clouds of failure lower,
Wide-darkening life's chill air,
And tempests rage, and beats the blinding shower,
Ne'er let us hug despair.

Look! as we journey, straining through the gloom,
The clouds, the storms, grow less;
Now shine the beams that all our path illume,
From the bright sun—success!

Oh, Perseverance! write that word in gold,
Born of the lofty will!
Of all the conquerors 'mid the great and bold,
The noblest conqueror still.

She levels mountains to achieve success,
Ploughs seas, o'erleaps each bar;
Than meteor-genius she may dazzle less,
Her light a steady star.

Some honours gain, some wealth, in countless ways,
Some build a statesman's fame,
Some wreath their brows with green Parnassian bays,
And this, success they name.

Oh, blame not fate, ye souls that sigh in vain,
Nor mourn hopes, chances gone!
Success crowns those resolved her heights to gain,
Unwearied pressing on.

PASSING TO PARADISE.

The sun was slowly descending,
Like a wearied pilgrim, to rest;
Amber clouds, while a glory lending,
Rich curtains dropped over the west.

The birds low vespers were singing;
Nature's murmurs seemed changed into prayer;
And soft distant bells were ringing,
Like angel-sighs on the air.

They opened the casement, sweet whiteness
Half burying it—jasmine and rose;
She would view the sun in its brightness,
Ere her eyes for ever should close.

They lifted her up on her pillow,
The young girl languid and weak;
Life ebbed and flowed like a billow,
While sickness wrote death on her cheek.

The once lovely girl merry-hearted,
Laughing lips, and long, glossy hair—
Oh, all her rich bloom had departed,
For sunshine a shadow lay there.

She gazed on her garden's sweet flowers,
And drank for the last time their breath;
She thought of the happy gone hours,
Yet feared not the angel of death.

She looked on the fields hedged with thorn,
There never to ramble again,
And she heard the bee wind his horn,
And the chirp of the blithe busy wren.

From these would her spirit be parted;
  Dear Nature might gladden no more,
Yet was she not sorrowful-hearted,
  Brighter scenes lay in glory before.

She clasped her fair hands in devotion,
  Thinking now of the angels on high;
Joy spake in her bosom's soft motion,
  Hope flashed in her soul-beaming eye.

And she gazed on the sun in warm splendour,
  Just sinking behind the flushed hill,
And his beams, all trembling and tender,
  Lit her features so lovely and still.

Her arms to that glory extending,
  Her spirit to rapture seemed given;
In those clouds all colours were blending,
  Till they looked gleaming door-ways to heaven.

And thus breathing prayers, faintly smiling,
  Like the sunset whose hues faded fast,
Blessing mourners, their sorrows beguiling,
  That sweet one to paradise passed.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow—short the vista to it leading,
And ofttimes fair;
But trust it not, the present rather heeding,
Be that thy care.

To-morrow—stand not idly waiting, ever
Work, work, to-day!
Improve the hour, the past returneth never:
Madness delay.

The God-giv'n present we can boast of only,
The morrows lie
Beyond those mountains, shadowy, dark, and lonely—
Doubt, mystery.

To-morrow—some disaster may o'ertake us,
Blighting life's flowers;
With one rude shock dear fortune may forsake us,
Want, ruin, ours.

Kind heaven the future from man's wisdom veileth,
Curtained each ray;
But hope's high beacon, burning, never faileth,
Lighting our way.

To-morrow—ne'er put off thy present duty
To that to-morrow;
Delay, a luring and Circean beauty,
Plunging in sorrow.

Oh, the to-morrow! it may come, soft-creeping,
With balmiest air,
Or bring the spirit tempests, whelming, sweeping,
Wreck and despair.

Pause, mortal, though to-day the wine-cup quaffing,
Perchance, the morrow
Will close for ever all thy feasting, laughing,
In gloom and sorrow.

Those grasping trifles, chasing the bright present,
With panting breath,
To-morrow, called from all things evanescent,
May mate with death.

O guilt, repent this hour, crime's cup down-dashing;
For thee, for thee,
To-morrow ne'er may dawn, upon thee flashing
Eternity.

THE MILITARY HERO.

O War! what is it that invests thy brow
With captivating glory? Through all years
Why has youth panted at thy feet to bow,
And felt a joy in danger, mocking fears!
Loud swells thy stirring trump; his eager eye
Burns with new flame to see thy banner fly;
And to be called a hero, he will brave
The chance of suffering, peril, and the grave.

Say, what are laurels? sighed-for, dazzling prize,
Worthless, yet precious; man would fain appear
Daring and valiant in his fellows' eyes,
Laurels to base, as noble spirits, dear:
They crowned Miltiades with solemn glory,
They sat on Timur's brow all dark and gory,
They wove for Cæsar everlasting fame,
But many a forehead since have seared with flame.

What now remains of ancient fields of strife,
Great, famous in their day, where heroes fought,
And man won honour as he took man's life?
Ask the weird, passing winds—they answer nought;
Ask the wild flowers that deck the shrunken graves,
Ask Cannæ's plain and red Granicus' waves;
Nature forgets them, fear hath ceased to bow,—
Their agony and glory nothing now.

Thou mighty shaker of the moral world,
And changer of the destinies of man!
Let thy proud standard joyous be unfurled,
Let crimson-handed slaughter lead the van;
Burn and destroy! rise, plume-crowned terror! rise!
Alluring honour flashing in thine eyes;
Thou eldest born of passion! mount thy car
By furies drawn, O hydra-headed War!

Ambition still will follow thee, and pride
Behold but glory in thy ghastly mien;
Pomp and excitement still thy horrors hide,
And throw a magic o'er each bloody scene:
What are bereavements, widows', orphans' sighs?
For victory won, men's thanks to heaven arise;
To heal a feud, when words might healers be,
The sword sweeps thousands to eternity.

THE SICK INFANT AND THE ANGEL.

The Mother by her infant watch was keeping,
Through Night's slow, mournful hour,
Wan sickness, like an angry East wind, sweeping
O'er her dear cherished flower.

She heard its feeble moan, its piteous sighing,
Sharp pangs it seemed to bear;
Art could avail no more—they left it dying,
And her to cold despair.

The moonlight, thro' the window faintly beaming,
Just showed her anxious face;
Large tears of anguish in her eyes were gleaming—
Eyes where hope found no place.

Soothing it in her arms, its moanings hushing,
Bearing it to and fro,
Her wild affection in a torrent gushing,
Weeping in bitterest woe:

Thus did she pass the hours so long and dreary,
Till Morn pale-streaked the sky,
Then she laid down the babe, dejected, weary,
Slow laid it down to die.

But ere the fluttering soul had quite departed,
On trembling knees she fell;
Oh, that strong prayer from woman broken-hearted!
Its fervour who may tell?

She prayed to God to save—words mixed with weeping;
Poor heart—poor suffering brain!
Say not, though fate's relentless blast is sweeping,
That human prayers are vain.

A sudden beam, bright thro' the casement streaming,
Shone on the infant now,
Made gold the cradle, like a halo gleaming
Around the small white brow.

The face, late hueless, with warm life seemed flushing;
It oped its violet eyes:
On that swift beam sure joyous wings came rushing—
Health's angel from the skies!

The Mother's heart beat quick, the glory seeing,
Fancying some seraph there;
And who shall say God sent not such bright being,
In answer to her prayer?

Joy! joy! her infant to her bosom pressing,
She saw smiles faintly play;
And now its eye gained light 'neath that caressing;
Death's cloud had passed away.

KATHERINE SOUTHEY.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

[Miss Katherine Southey, third daughter of the late Robert Southey, died at Laithwaite Cottage, near Keswick, on the 8th August, 1864, and was buried under the shadows of Mount Skiddaw.]

Loved daughter of a bard whose honoured name
Doth shine serenely in the sky of fame!
A bard that in his wreath twined virtue's flower,
Which sweetly breathes a living fragrance still;
Whose mem'ry, like a grey and ivied tower,
The years make strong, adorns Time's misty hill.

Pure as the link 'twixt angel-hearts above,
How strong, unwearied, is a daughter's love!
She watched his progress, and, in life's decay,
  Smoothed his white hair, and checked the impatient sigh,
And with another,* death has snatched away,
  Tended his wants, and closed his dying eye.

She sleeps where Nature weaves her loveliest spells,
Romance sits queen, and calm-eyed beauty dwells;
Where Greta murmurs her weird silvery song,
  And Derwentwater spreads, another sky,
And Skiddaw's mighty shadow falls along
  The grassy mound where low her relics lie.

Evening is fading in the yellow west,
And on her grave the parting sunbeams rest;
The speedwell turns to court the sinking ray,
  The bee goes home, the bat is whirring near,
The plaintive redbreast pipes a farewell lay;
  Nature doth know no death, still beauteous here.

Her father with deep passion loved this scene,
Hoar rock, wild mountain-side, and meadow green;
His music song of birds and gush of rills,
  His heart, attuned by God, to rapture given;
Say, doth his shade still roam these dear-loved hills?
  Oh, no; beyond the stars, he rests in heaven.

Her spirit to that heaven and him has fled,
Yet on her grave shall memory's tear be shed;

* Southey's second wife, Miss Bowles, the authoress.

Long shall this scene recall her father's name—
  Scene sweetly peaceful, beautifully wild,
Lake, glen, and mountain, linked with Southey's fame,
  Whose light, a halo, rests upon the child.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

A BRILLIANT star in letters' sky hath set,
  But not to rise like Nature's; fate's strong blast
Hath riv'n a tree which should be blooming yet,
  Mind's palace to the earth by death is cast:
We sigh "he was!"—how much these words contain
Of earnest sorrow, fond regret, and pain!

Was no one near to aid with gentle skill,
  Soothe his last moments, and to close his eyes?
He passed away as lonely and as still,
  As morning dew exhaled into the skies:
He seemed to sleep, a smile upon his brow;
Oh, Death, how calm, yet terrible art thou!

There, ceased to beat a heart as honest, good,
  And noble as e'er warmed a breast of clay;
We mourn him lost to Mind's bright brotherhood,
  In the full strength of manhood called away,
In the expanded bloom of mental powers,
And nursing hopes and plans for future hours.

That lip shall cease mirth's kindly, genial flow,
That eye shall shine with light of soul no more,
That breast no longer feel for wrong and woe,
The brain's world-charming dreams for ever o'er,
Foes now will bear no malice, and each friend,
With added love, above his tomb will bend.

Not bitter was he, though there seemed a sting
In his unsparing words that baseness felt;
His spirit drank at charity's bright spring;
When merit suffered, all his heart could melt:
Treading fame's lofty steep, he knew no pride,
And, guiding others, did not scorn a guide.

Not cynical—he only lashed the times,
Sworn enemy to each deceptive art,
Held up to scorn weak fashion's brilliant crimes,
And bade dishonesty and meanness smart,
Himself all kindness—sympathetic, mild,
In soul a giant—feeling, a young child.

Grave wisdom, with its calm and pensive brow,
Bland humour, with its joyous, ready smile,
Taste loving to all beauteous forms to bow,
And Fancy that creates, and glows the while—
For Nature's painter let their tears be shed,
Mourning a Thackeray, too early dead!

Rest, Fielding of our day! and more than he—
Thy varied characters, a populous hive;
The world respects, while weaving wreaths for thee,
And yet to laud thy name we need not strive;

Thy works will be a trumpet, which thy praise
Shall widely, sweetly sound, through future days.

And "Thinkers" to thy grave will oft repair,
And muse on thy career, and learn from thee
To smite men's hydra-follies, yet to bear
A bosom warm with love and sympathy:
Sleep, truthful, kindly heart! though wrapt in night,
Thou leavest on thy page thy spirit's light.

PAST AND FUTURE.

WHAT is gone time?—a bodiless dream, a thought,
Our hopes, our wishes, it will claim no more;
The future lures us, with strong magic fraught,
The soul still looks before.

What is gone time?—a flash of lightning spent,
Lost in earth's swallowing caverns, deep and drear,
But lingering thunders still thro' heaven are sent—
So men's deeds echo here.

What is gone time?—a wind that did caress
Our brows like balm—that summer odours bore,
Now swept away to some far wilderness,
To soothe our sense no more.

What is gone time?—the gorgeous crimson light,
Late trailing beauty down the evening sky;
'Tis fled we know not where, as falls the night,
Leaving us but to sigh.

What is the future?—a great book, whose leaves,
Clasped by the fates, are opened but by God;
A sea's deep bottom; the near surface heaves;
That bottom never trod.

O past! O future! while we live between
The two eternities, let grief be given
For wasted years; we'll sail the present scene,
Hope's golden harbour—heaven.

THE END.

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